

49472

SCB
7656



32,173

THE SINGING BOOK

FOR

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MEETINGS:

A COLLECTION OF

EASY SONGS AND TUNES.

BY WM. B. BRADBURY,

Author of the "SINGING BIRD," "MUSICAL GEMS," "SABBATH SCHOOL MELODIES," "PSALMISTA," "THE SHAWM," and various other musical works.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

NEW-YORK CHILDRENS' AID SOCIETY.

NEW-YORK :

IVISON & PHINNEY, 48 & 50 WALKER ST.

.....
STREOTYPED BY THOMAS B. SMITH, 216 WILLIAM-STREET, N. Y.

SCB
7656

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
W. B. BRADBURY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for
the Southern District of New-York.

P R E F A C E .

THE BOYS' MEETING.

Where to be held?

Let those of you, who feel for the poor and the friendless, go around in the needy districts of your city, and observe where on Sundays, or in the evenings, the ragged boys most collect. Find the streets and the corners, which are their favorite haunts. If personal observation will not teach you, inquire of the Missionary or the police-officer of that ward.

Then seek out some common respectable room, a temperance hall, a school-room, or a loft in a warehouse; furnish it with plain benches and a desk, and with means for warming it well. Get next a few large cards printed, with some hundred smaller cards to distribute. Say nothing of "poor boys," or ragged," but call your meeting a "*Boys' Meeting!*" Let the hour be in the afternoon, when you can get assistance from the churches, and when the boys are more likely to attend. Scatter your notices well through the whole neighborhood.

Who shall engage in it?

Let only those who are in earnest. Such work is not for a few Sabbaths—for a passing religious enthusiasm. It must be patient, steady, hearty; to be urged on through discouragements, difficulties, even apparent want of success. You want *live men* in it. Men who really believe that the poor outcast boy has a soul immortal within him; and that one has died for him, even as for the child of the rich. Men who feel for the poor, the helpless, the forsaken, as their brethren; and who do not forget that in working for the least of these, they are working for Christ. You want *men of sense*. The vagrant boy sees through any humbug. You must have something to say, or you will find out very soon that the audience is not with you. Your leader must be a man with a voice, and some force to him, and above all, a patient good nature. With him, should be two or three who

have the knack of speaking to boys, one who can teach them to sing, and three or four more to gather the boys, and regulate the meeting.

What exercises?

Prayer, of course, to Him who careth for the poor and needy; but short and simple *Bible* stories, and especially the parables and teachings of Christ may be read with good effect. When it is well done the boys listen eagerly.

The speaking, &c.

The speaking must be short and varied; and, especially, it must be *to the point*. Let there be two or three speakers, if possible. Find out the habits, and temptations, and mode of life of the boys' and speak to them on their own level! Do not try abstract, dogmatic speakings, or they will shuffle and whisper! Do not exhort only! But tell stories; show your truth, as Christ did, by illustration. Call up generous sympathies by telling in a hearty way of noble and true deeds. Exhort to industry by describing *Franklin's* course. Show forth the good of temperance by pictures from real life. Do not speak vaguely, or use mere religious phrases. Make CHRIST real to them, even as any generous and noble being would be, who was by their side, in words which they must understand. And, if this be done, you will never find a more attentive audience. They listen, as no children of higher classes do.

Singing must be made much of. The boys like it. It refines them; and with a skilful hand they will learn fast.

It has been difficult to find a collection of pieces suitable. To meet this want the *Singing Book for Boys' and Girls' Meetings* has been expressly compiled by W. B. Bradbury. It is full of sweet, secular, and religious airs.

Select a piece likely to interest. If new, sing it to them once or twice, taking a low pitch. Talk to them briefly of the hymn. Get them eager to learn it. Then sing *one line* only, while they listen. Now let them try that line with you; and if you are a musician, command your nerves to hear all sorts of sounds without apparent disturbance. Some will pitch above, some below, and a part will sing on a straight line; perhaps a few will get the tune correctly. But they will soon learn. Kindness and patience works wonders with them. To him who teaches more to save the boys than to gratify himself success is certain.

For what objects?

First of all, *to preach the Gospel to the poor!* These vagrant boys seldom or never enter a church. They are too rugged or

too vicious. They would not go to a Sunday School, or even a day school. The only good influence, perhaps, which may ever reach them, is from the "Boys' Meeting."

Through these Meetings, also, you can get a hold over this whole class. You will become acquainted with your boys; find out where they live, what they need, what influence can hereafter affect a thorough Reform. The Boys' Meetings will be the link to connect the multitude of benevolent who desire to help, and the multitude of vagrant children who perish for want of help. Thus far, in New-York city, there are nine or ten of these Meetings. They have all worked well. And in some districts even the police have noticed their favorable effects.

It is hoped soon to spread the Boys' Meetings over the city, till no destitute or degraded quarter shall be without them.

Will not the CHURCHES come forward in a movement so vitally affecting the well-being and the religious condition of the poor in our great cities?

Why should not every Church have a Boys' Meeting? Does it not belong to those, who have especially devoted themselves, as followers of Christ, to arouse and attend to this crowd of unhappy, deserted children, who throng our streets?

And what better means of beginning, than with such a Meeting? It is a little thing, indeed, to preach one day to boys who are prowling in crime the other six. But it is the first step. And it is worth a little trouble and sacrifice, that there should be one place where the outcast boy, bred in vice and squalidness, can hear of a nobler and higher life; where in words which will rest with him, he can be told of the Love of HIM, who lived and felt for the poor as well as the rich; where honesty, and generosity, and temperance can be held vividly before him in stories from the real world around him—the last mode of teaching to be forgotten; where the chances of life and the awful results in Eternity may be earnestly pictured. It is little; and it is done for the poorest of our brethren; but who shall therefore refuse?

Those interested can obtain further information at the office of the "CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY,"

CHARLES L. BRACE, *Secretary.*

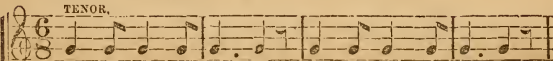
New-York, 1854.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SINGING BOOK.

LITTLE THINGS.

MODERATELY FAST.

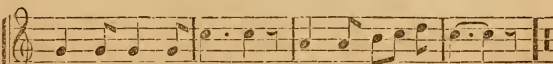
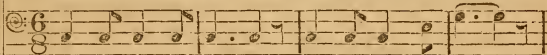
TENOR.



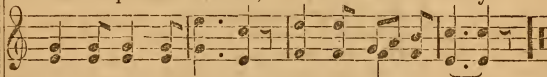
1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle moments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way



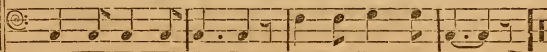
4. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,
5. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy Sown by youthful hands,



- Make the migh - ty o - cean, And the beauteous land.
Make the migh - ty a - ges - Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the path of vir - tue, Oft in sin to stray.

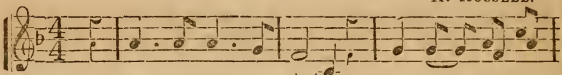


- Make our earth an E - den, Like the heaven a - bove.
Grow to bless the na - tions Far in dis - tant lands.

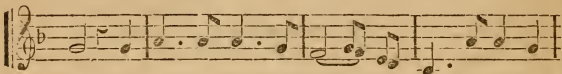


SKEPTIC, SPARE THE BIBLE.

H. RUSSELL.*



1. Skep-tic, spare the Bible, Touch not a sin-gle
 2. That good old book of life, For cen-tu - ries has



leaf, Nor on its pa - ges look With eye of un-be-
 stood Unharm'd amid the strife, When earth was drunk with



lief; 'Twas my forefather's stay In the hour of ag - o-
 blood; And wouldst thou harm it now, And have its truths for-



- - ny Skeptic, go thy way, And let that old book be.
 - got Skeptic, forbear thy blow, Thy hand shall harm it not.

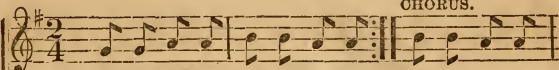
3. Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls
 I heard its tales of truth.
 I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

4. My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy—
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy.
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me;
 Skeptic, forego thy will—
 Go, let that old book be.

* Used by permission of Firth, Pond & Co.

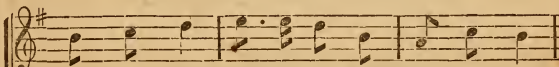
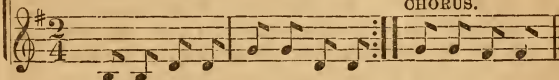
EVENING SONG.

CHORUS.

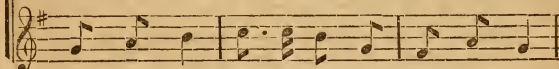


1st voice. O, how sweet, when daylight closes,
 2d voice. When the western sun re-po-ses,
 3d voice. And the dew is on the ro-ses, } Brothers, then how

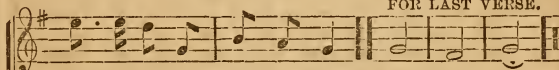
CHORUS.



sweet to rove Through the meadow and the grove,

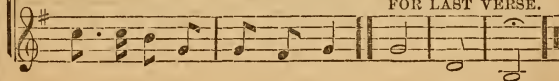


FOR LAST VERSE.



Through the meadow and the grove. Sink to rest.

FOR LAST VERSE.



1st voice. 2. O, how sweet, when toil is ending,
 2d voice. Day and night so softly blending,
 3d voice. Sweet to hear our songs ascending,

Chorus. { Brothers, from the starlit grove,
 { Songs of gratitude and love.

1st voice. 3. O, how sweet the bell's low pealing,
 2d voice. On the ear so softly stealing!
 3d voice. Home we go, with grateful feeling,

Chorus. { Pray to God, who reigns above,
 { And, with songs of praise and love,
 Sink to rest.

WE DELIGHT IN OUR SCHOOL.

1. We de - light in our school, We'll o - bey ev - ery
2. We will not lag be - hind In the race of the

3. But if then we should fail, O - ver all to pre -
4. All our words shall be kind—All our con - duct re -

rule, And the high-way to knowledge pur - sue.
mind, But will strive to be found in the van.

- vail, See - ing this may be out of our power;
- fined—A - bove all we will try to do right;

So our teach - er shall say, At the close of the
By hard stud - y and care, It will not be un -

Al - though los - ing the prize, It would nev - er be
Then although we may grieve, When the school we shall

WE DELIGHT IN OUR SCHOOL. Concluded. 9

day, That we're dil - i - gent, peace-ful, and true.
 - fair, To out - strip all the rest, *if we can.*

wise, To be peev-ish, and mood - y, and sour.
 leave, We will think of it oft, with de - light.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

1. Our Fa-ther in hea-ven, we hal-low thy name;
 2. For - give our transgressions, and teach us to know

May thy king-dom ho - ly on earth be the same;
 That hum-ble com - pas-sion that par-dons each foe;

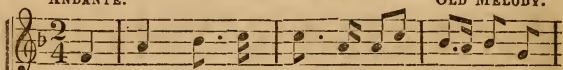
O, give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread,
 Keep us from temp - ta - tion, from weakness and sin,

For 'tis from thy boun-ty that all must be fed.
 And thine be the glo-ry, for ev - er. A - men.

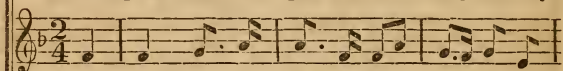
HOME, SWEET HOME.

ANDANTE.

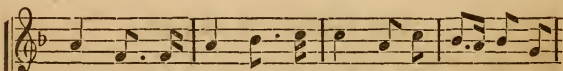
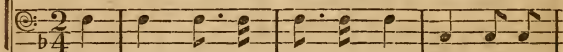
OLD MELODY.



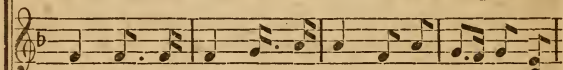
1. 'Mid plea-sures and pal - a - ces though we may



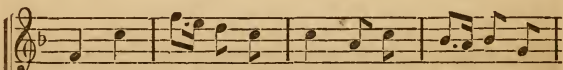
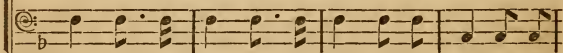
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in



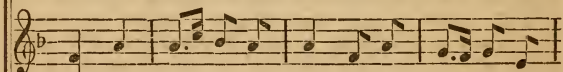
roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like



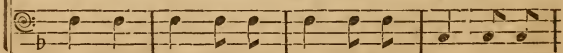
vain; Oh, . . give me my low - ly thatched cottage a-



home! A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us

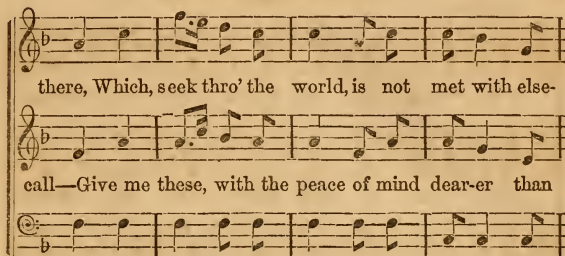


gain. The birds singing gai - ly, that come at my

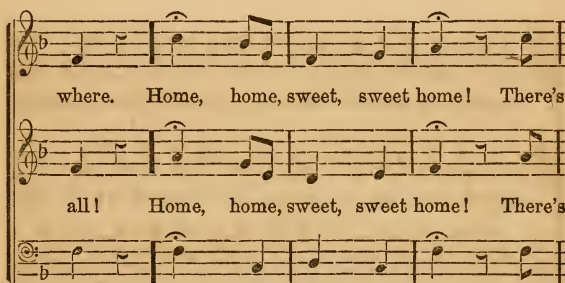


HOME, SWEET HOME. Concluded.

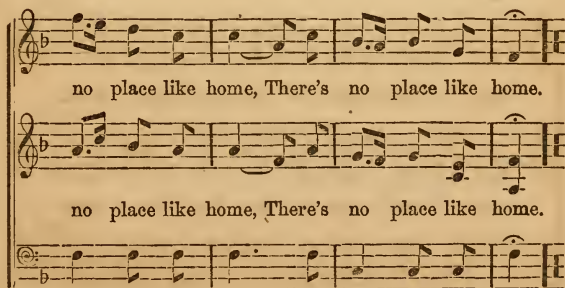
11



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else-
call—Give me these, with the peace of mind dear-er than



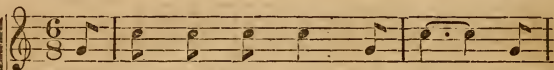
where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's
all! Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's



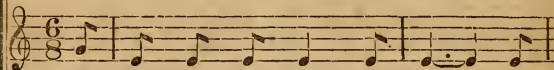
no place like home, There's no place like home.
no place like home, There's no place like home.

PIC-NIC FESTIVAL SONG.

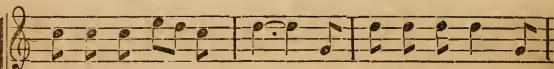
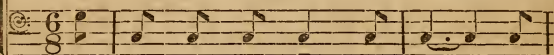
LIVELY.



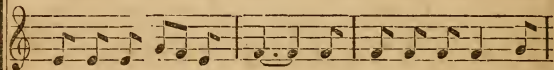
1. O, come to the grove with me, Where



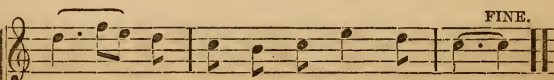
1. O, come to the grove with me, Where



gay-ly the hours ad - vance; O, come with a foot-step



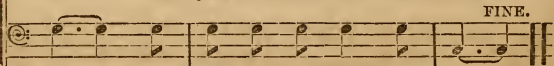
gay-ly the hours ad - vance; O, come with a foot-step



free, . . And join in the fes - tive dance.



free, . . And join in the fes - tive dance.



A-round us, a - bove us, pure mel - o - dy floats, And

A-round us, a - bove us, pure mel - o - dy floats, And

D. C.

voi - ces that love us re - peat the soft notes.

D. C.

voi - ces that love us re - peat the soft notes.

D. C.

2.

Here Spring, with its early green,
 And Summer, with all its flowers,
 In beautiful dress is seen,
 All over fair Nature's bowers.
 No storm-clouds are darkling
 The sports of the free,
 But all here is sparkling
 In beauty for thee.

REQUIEM. Death of a Teacher, or Iupil

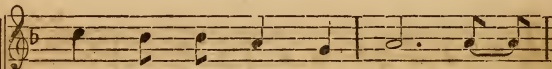
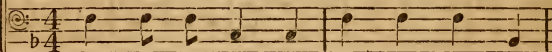
TENDERLY.



1. Sad as the mu - sic, low and dim, That



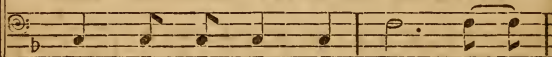
2. Soft as the lay the wood-bird sings, When the



comes from the sea - shell lone, Swell the



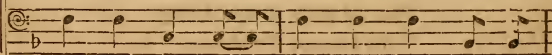
light of the day is fled, And



part-ing notes of a fu - neral hymn, For the



eve hath veil'd all earth - ly things, Be our



REQUIEM. Concluded.

15

spi - rit ev - er gone. Fa-ther, thou a
 re-qui-em for the dead. Fa-ther, thou most

soul hath ta-ken, Left our hearts dark and for - sa - ken ;
 kind and ho - ly, Bend we to thee, meek-ly, low-ly ;

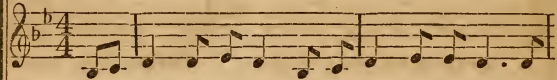
One more earthly course is run ; God of love, thy will be done.
 Thou hast called a cherished one ; God of love, thy will be done.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

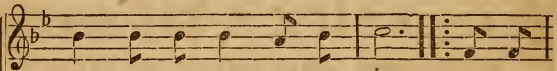
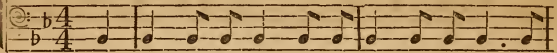
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood, I've



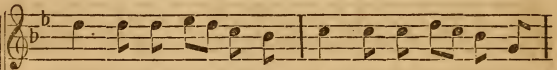
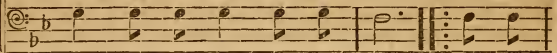
2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And



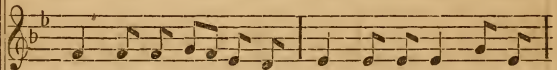
trav-ersed the wave-roll-ing sand; Tho' the



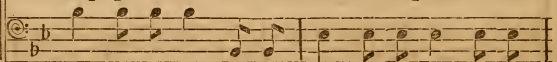
bright eyes have smiled, and looked bland; Yet ..



fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it



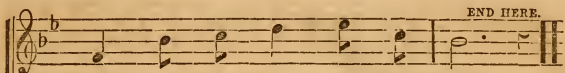
hap-pi-er far were the hours that I passed In the



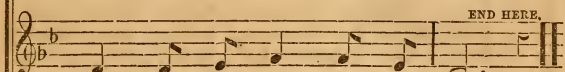
MY OWN NATIVE LAND. Concluded.

17

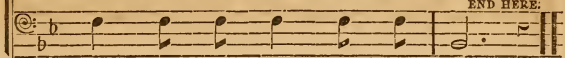
END HERE.



was not my own na - tive land.

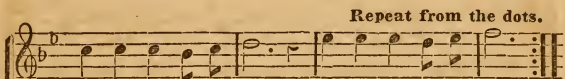


West— in my own na - tive land.

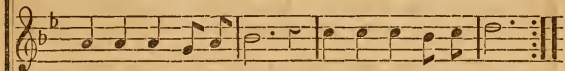


END HERE.

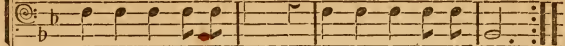
Repeat from the dots.



No, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no.



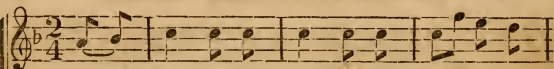
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.



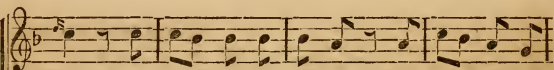
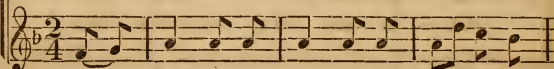
3.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
 Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home;
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home;
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!

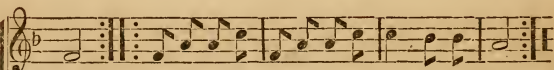
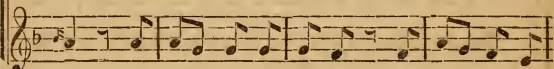
WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING?



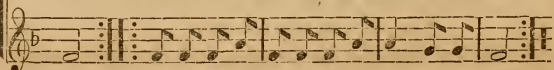
1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and
2. Its cup run-neth o'er with the pur-est of
3. Let it flow, love-ly stream, while it gen-tly im-
4. When the gay flow-ers droop in the noon summer's
5. New bless-ings of life it for ev - er be-



light, Where the birds carol sweetly, the sun - set is
 drink, As sweet as the flowers that bend from the
 - - parts The fair glow of beauty, and peace to the
 heat, The bright dew descending re-stores ev-ery
 - - stows, Re - viv - ing all na-ture, where-ev - er it



bright? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
 drink. Will you, will you, will you, will you drink with the flow'rs?
 heart. Will you, will you, will you, will you drink and be blest?
 sweet. Will you, will you, will you, will you drink with the flow'rs?
 goes. Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?



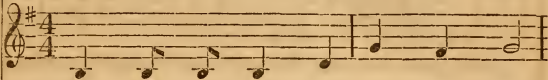
(Repeat first stanza as a closing chorus.)

GOING A-MAYING.

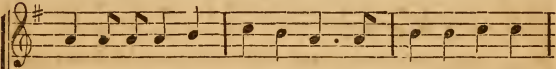
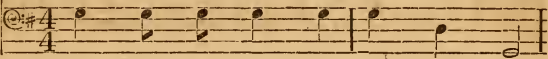
QUICK.



1. Come, let us all a - May - ing go,



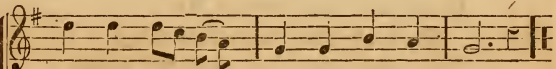
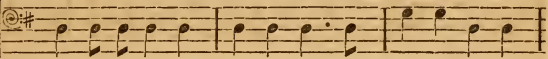
2. Mer - ri - ly shall our voi - ces ring ;



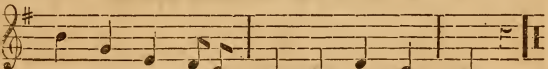
Come, let us all a - May-ing go, And light-ly, light-ly,



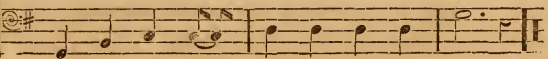
Cheer-i-ly shall the cuckoo sing ; The drums shall beat, the



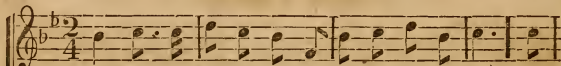
light - ly trip it, trip it, to and fro.



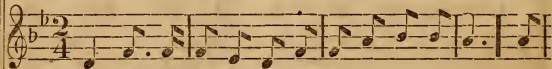
fife shall play, As we pass our time a - way.



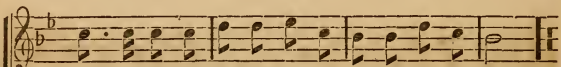
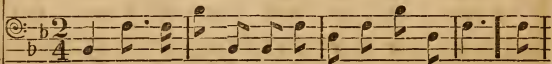
WELCOME TO SPRING.



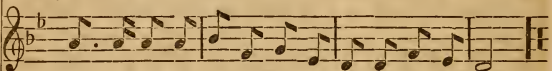
1. Come, come, delightful Spring, Choice season of the year; A-



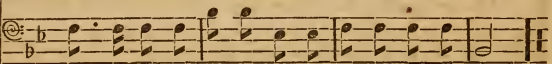
1. Come, come, delightful Spring, Choice season of the year; A-



round your bow'rs sweet scented flow'rs In grateful dress appear.



round your bow'rs sweet scented flow'rs In grateful dress appear.



2.

Birds hail the beauteous May ;
 Their sweetest notes they sing ;
 They chant their lays unto thy praise,
 And thus they welcome Spring.

3.

Cold winter now departs—
 Reluctant goes his way ;
 But conquer'd by thy genial warmth,
 He owns thy potent sway.

AWAY THE BOWL.

21

1. { Our youthful hearts with Temp'rance burn, A-
 From dramshops all, our steps we turn, A-
 2. { See how the stag-gering drunk-ard reels! A-
 A - las! the mis - ery he re - veals, A-

D. C. A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, a -
 A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, a -

- way, a-way the bowl; }
 - way, a-way the bowl; } Fare-well to rum, and
 - way, a-way the bowl; }
 - way, a-way the bowl; } His chil-dren grieve, his

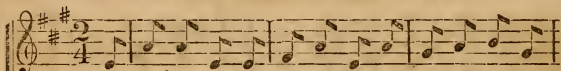
way, a-way the bowl.
 way, a-way the bowl.

Da Capo.

all its harms, Fare-well the wine-cup's boast-ed charms ;
 wife in tears! How sad this once bright home appears !

3. (*Boys.*) We drink no more, nor buy nor sell;
 Away, away the bowl,
 (*Girls.*) The drunkard's offers we repel;
 Away, away the bowl;
 (*All.*) United in a temp'rance band,
 We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand;
 Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A WORLD.

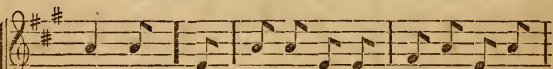
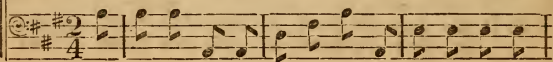


1. This world is not so bad a world As some would like to

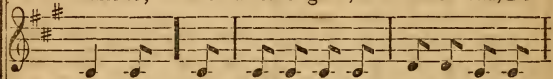


2. This world in truth's as good a world As e'er was known to

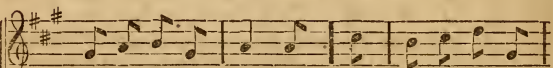
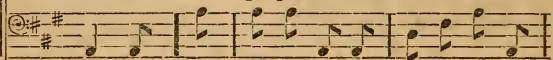
3. This world is quite a pleasant world, In rain or pleasant



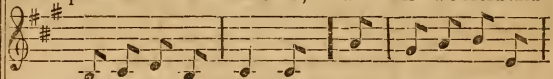
make it; Tho' whether good, or whether bad, De-



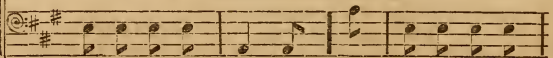
a - ny, Who have not seen an - oth-er yet—And
weath-er; If people would but learn to live In



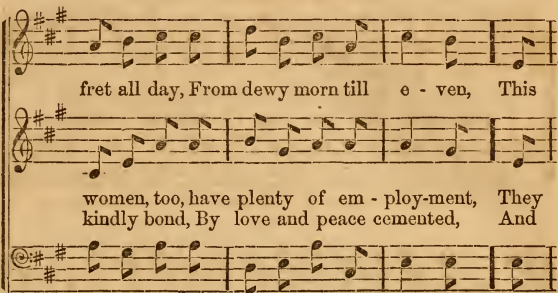
pend on how we take it; For if we scold and



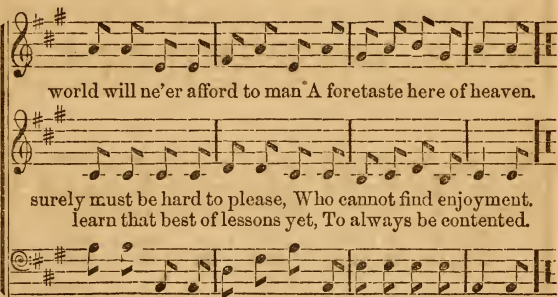
there are ve-ry ma - ny; And if the men and
har - mo - ny to - geth - er, And cease to burst the



THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A WORLD. Concluded. 23



fret all day, From dewy morn till e - ven, This
women, too, have plenty of em - ploy - ment, They
kindly bond, By love and peace cemented, And



world will ne'er afford to man A foretaste here of heaven.
surely must be hard to please, Who cannot find enjoyment.
learn that best of lessons yet, To always be contented.

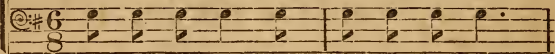
4.

Then were this world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it,
The day would pass most pleasantly,
To those who thus begin it ;
And all the nameless grievances,
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles.

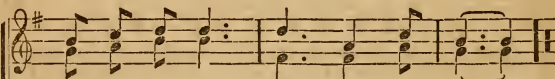
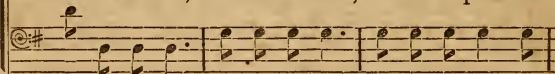
DILIGENCE.



1. Let us, dear broth-ers, Cheer-ful - ly toil,
2. Short is the sea - son Youth can re-main,



Cheer-ful-ly toil, Cheer-ful-ly toil; Nev-er from la - bor,
Youth can remain, Youth can remain; Let not its prof - fers



Nev - er re - coil, Nev - er re - coil.
Hail us in vain, Hail us in vain.



3.

Rich is the treasure
Now to be won;
Toil in full measure
Then shall be done.

4.

So shall the season
Life has now lent,
True to right reason,
Wisely be spent.

5.

Nature for action
Youth has designed;
Sweet satisfaction
Age will thus find.

6.

Diligent ever
Then let us be;
So will we never
Poverty see.

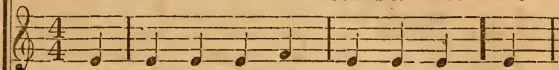
THE PRECIOUS BIBLE.

ALLEGRO.

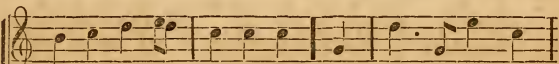
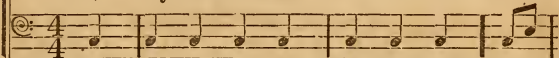
WM. B. BRADBURY.



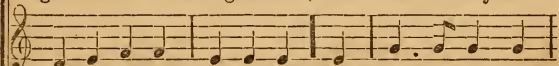
1. What is it shows my soul the way To
 2. What teach-es me I'm bound to love The



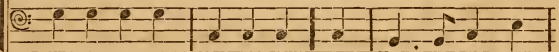
3. What is it gives my spi - rit rest, When
 4. What tells me that I soon must die, And
 5. Oh, may this trea - sure ev - er be The



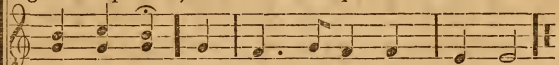
realms of ev - er - last - ing day, And tells the dan - ger
 glo - rious God who reigns above, And that I may his



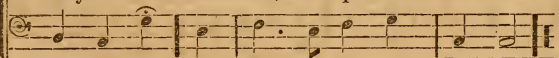
with the cares of earth oppressed, And points to re - gions
 to the throne of judgment fly, To meet the great Je -
 best of all on earth to me. And still new beau - ties



of de - lay? }
 goodness prove? } It is the pre - cious Bi - ble.



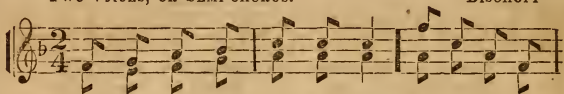
of the blest? }
 ho - vah's eye? } It is the pre - cious Bi - ble.
 may I see In this, the pre - cious Bi - ble.



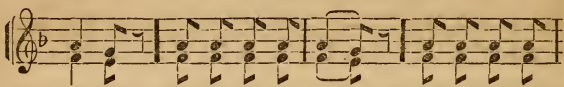
THE YOUTHFUL COMPACT.

TWO VOICES, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

BISCHOFF



1. Let us all, both old and young, Ev - ery day grow
2. We will love our pa - rents dear, Serve, obey, and
3. Let us one and all engage, That, like friends and
4. Let us ne'er do wil - ful wrong, How-so-ev - er

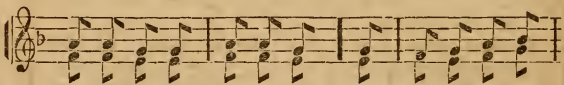


bet - ter; Hap - py let us go, Through our path be -
 hon - or; Ne'er will them deceive, Nor their bo - soms
 brothers, We in peace will live, And our foes for -
 tempted; But in deed and word Love and serve the

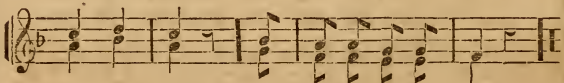
CHORUS.



- - low. }
 - - grieve. } Come, take my hand, Give yours to me, And
 - - give. }
 - - Lord. }

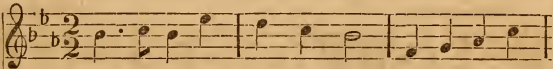


good men we will try to be, And then we'll all re -



joice, re - joice, And then we'll all re - joice.

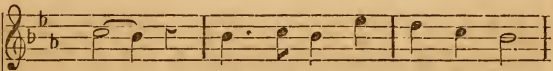
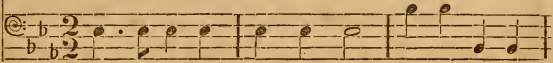
LABOR MAKES OUR PLEASURES SWEET. 27



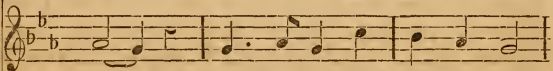
1. Labor makes our pleasures sweet, Keeps our life from



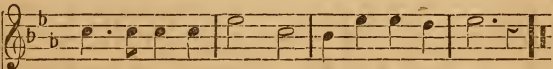
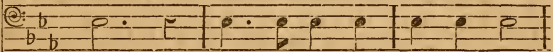
2. Hands for toil has Nature made, Life with smiles to



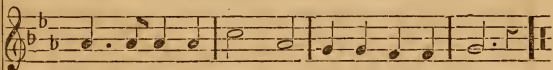
ill; Toil will ev - er glad - ly greet,



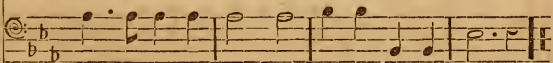
cheer; Days shall all, this du - ty paid,



Life with good 'twill fill, Life, life with good 'twill fill.



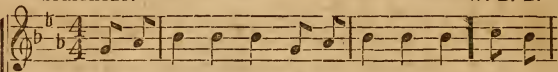
All be bright and clear, All, all be bright and clear.



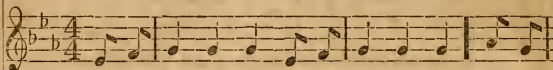
THE GOOD RULE; OR, "NEVER LATE."

SPRIGHTLY.

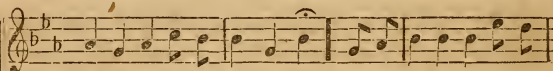
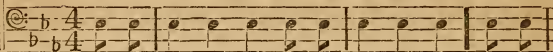
W. B. B.



1. I'll a-wake at dawn, on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis
2. Birds a-wake be-times ; ev-ery morn they sing ; None are



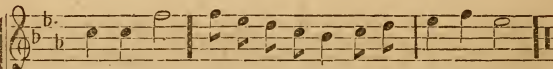
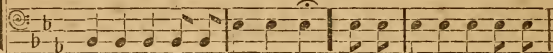
3. When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the
4. But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er, And these



wrong to doze holy time away ; With my lessons learned, this shall
tardy there, when the woods do ring ; So when Sunday comes, this shall



call obey—none are tardy then ; Nor will I for-get that it
happy hours shall return no more ; Then I'll ne'er regret that it



be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
be my rule— Never to be late at the Sabbath school.



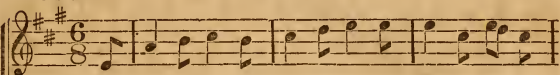
is my rule, Never to be late at the Sabbath school.
was my rule, Never to be late at the Sabbath school.



INDEPENDENCE DAY.

29

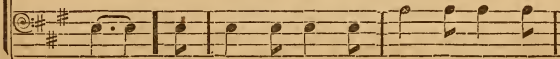
LIVELY.



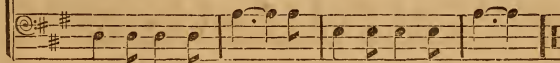
1. This day to greet, with joy we meet, Then banish care a-
2. Join'd heart and hand, a happy band, We Freedom's flag dis-
3. We shout and sing, and flowers bring, Youth's joyful emblems
4. From morn to night, with love unite, To celebrate this
5. Our fathers brave, the land to save, Did Freedom's call o-
6. Let banners wave, for deeds so brave, The stripes and stars dis-
7. Huz - za again, another strain, And then for home a-



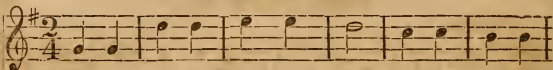
- - way; With fes-tive cheer, come has-ten here, 'Tis
- - play; With mu-sic's sound, we gather round, 'Tis
- they; The lau - rel twine with fadeless pine, 'Tis
- day; Let peace and joy our hearts employ, 'Tis
- - bey; By young and old their deeds be told, 'Tis
- - play; The Eagle bold, our shield shall hold, 'Tis
- - way; This day was won by Wash-ing-ton, 'Tis



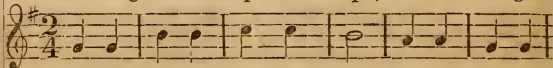
In-de-pen-dence day, 'Tis In-de-pen-dence day.
In-de-pen-dence day, &c.



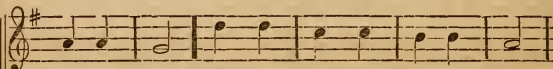
TEMPERANCE CALL.



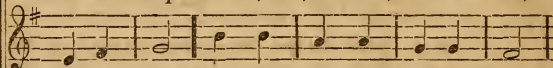
1. Chil-dren all, both great and small, An-swer to the
 2. No strong drink shall pass our lips; He's in dan-ger



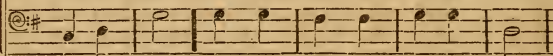
3. Where's the boy that would not shrink From the bon-dage
 4. Who have mis'ry, want, and wo? And who to the



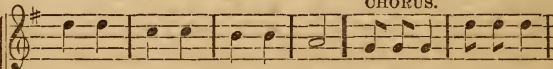
temp'rance call; Ma - ry, Marg'-ret, Jane, and Sue,
 who but sips. Come, then, chil-dren, one and all,



of strong drink? Come, then, Jo-seph, Charles, and Tom,
 bot-tle go? We re - solve their road to shun,

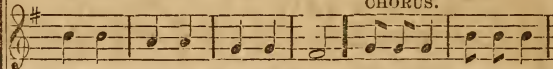


CHORUS.

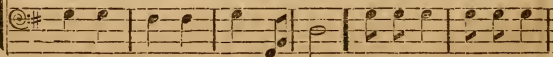


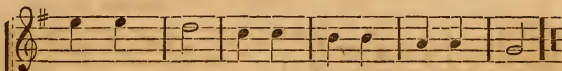
Char-lotte, Ann, and Fan-ny too, Cheer-i-ly, hear-ti-ly
 An-swer to the temp'rance call; Cheer-i-ly, read-i-ly

CHORUS.

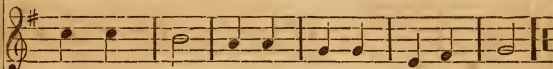


Hen-ry, Samuel, James, and John; Cheerily, ea-ger-ly
 And in temp'rance paths to run. Cheerfully manfully

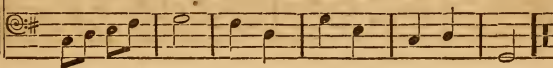




come a - long, Sign our pledge, and sing our song.
come a - long, Sign, &c.



come a - long, Sign our pledge, and sing our song.
come a - long, Sign, &c.



5.

Good cold water does for us ;
Costs no money ; makes none worse ;
Gives no bruises ; steals no brains ;
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.
Readily, joyfully come along,
Sign our pledge, and sing our song.

6.

Who would life and health prolong ?
Who'd be happy, wise, and strong ?
Let alone the drunkard's bane—
Half-way pledges are in vain.
Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you
Sign the pledge, and keep it, too.

JUNE, LOVELY JUNE. Round, in four parts.

1.

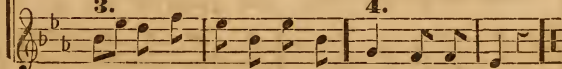
2.



June, love-ly June Now beau-ti-fies the ground ; The

3.

4.



notes of the cuck-oo Thro' the glad earth re-sound.

DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Dear Fa-ther, ere we part, Now let thy grace de-

2. May we, in af-ter years, With grat-i-tude re-

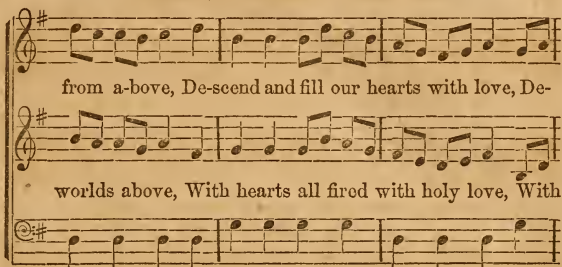
- scend, And fill each youth-ful heart With

- view The ser-vice of this day, The

peace, from Christ, our friend; May show'rs of bless-ings

works we now pur-sue; And speed our way to

DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART. Concluded. 33



from a-bove, De-scend and fill our hearts with love, De-

worlds above, With hearts all fired with holy love, With

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves.



- scend and fill our hearts with love.

hearts all fired with ho - ly love.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves.

3.

We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend ;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

4.

Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they, to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day,
To join with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

ALLEGRETTO.

C. JEFFREYS.

1. The sum - mer days are com - ing; The
 2. The min - strel of the moon - light, The
 3. We'll rise and hail thee, ear - ly, Be-

D. C. reign is near - ly o - ver; The
 sum - mer days are com - ing; The
 sum - mer days, &c.

blos - soms deck the bough; The bees are gay - ly
 love - lorn night - in - gale, Hath sung his month of
 - - fore the sun hath dried The dew - drops that will

spring is on the wane; O, haste thee, gen - tle
 blos - soms deck the bough; The bees are gay - ly

FINE.

hum - ming, And the birds are sing - ing now;
 mu - sic To the rose - queen of the vale;
 spar - kle On the green hedge by our side;

sum - mer, To our pleas - ant land a - gain.
 hum - ming, And the birds are sing - ing now.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING. Concluded. 35

We have had our May-day gar-land; We have
 And what tho' he be si - lent, As the
 And when the blaze of noon-day Glares up-

crown'd our May-day queen With a cor - o - nal of
 night comes slowly on; We'll have dances on the
 - - on the thirst-y flowers, We will seek the wel-come

ro-ses, Set in leaves of bright-est green; But her
 greensward, To the mu-sic of our own. O, the
 cov-ert Of our jas-mine-sha-ded bowers. O, the

PATRIOTIC SONG.

ALLEGRO

L. MASON.

1. Be - fore all lands, in east or west, I

2. Be - fore all tongues in east or west, I

love my na - tive land the best; With God's best gifts 'tis

love my na - tive tongue the best, Tho' not so smoothly

teem - ing; No gold nor jew - els here are found, Yet

spo - ken, Nor wo - ven with I - tal - ian art; Yet

men of no - ble souls abound, And eyes of joy are
when it speaks from heart to heart, The word is nev - er

gleam - ing, And eyes of joy are gleam - ing.
bro - ken, The word is nev - er bro - ken.

3.

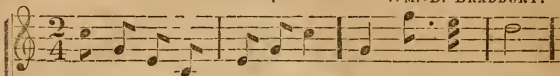
Before all people, east or west,
I love my countrymen the best—
A race of noble spirit;
A sober mind, a generous heart,
To virtue train'd, yet free from art,
They from their sires inherit.
They from, &c.

4.

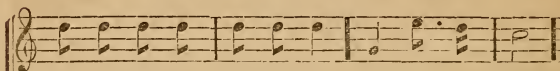
To all the world I give my hand—
My heart I give my native land;
I seek her good, her glory;
I honor every nation's name,
Respect their fortune, and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me.
But I love, &c.

TRY AGAIN.

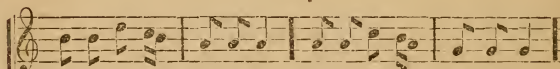
WM. B. BRADBURY.



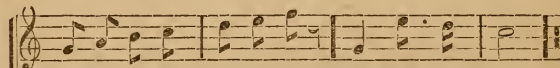
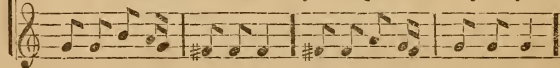
1. 'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;
3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain;



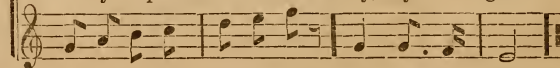
If at first you don't suc-ceed, Try, try a - gain;
 If at last you would pre-vail, Try, try a - gain;
 Time will bring you your re-ward, Try, try a - gain;



Then your courage should appear, For if you will per-se-vere,
 If we strive, 'tis no disgrace, Tho' we may not win the race;
 All that other folks can do, Why, with patience, may not you?



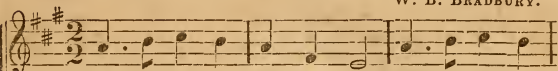
You will conquer—never fear; Try, try a - gain.
 What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
 On - ly keep this rule in view: Try, try a - gain.



THE PLEASANT SUNDAY MEETING.

39

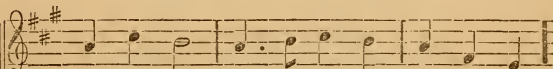
W. B. BRADBURY.



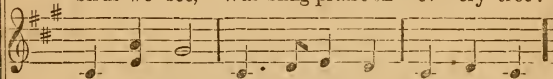
1. Where is it we love to go, When the win-try
2. Where is it we love to be, When the sum-mer



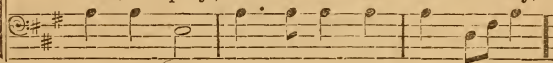
3. Where are we so kind-ly taught Who should rule in
4. May we love this ho - ly day; Love to sing, and



bree-zes blow? What is it at - tracts us so?
birds we see, War-bling praise on ev - ery tree?



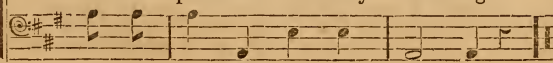
every thought; What the blood of Christ has bought?
read, and pray; Find sal - va - tion's nar - row way,



'Tis the pleas-ant Sun - day meet - ing.
In the pleas-ant Sun - day meet - ing.



In the pleas-ant Sun - day meet - ing.
In the pleas-ant Sun - day meet - ing.



CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

HILLER.

1. { Happy, hap-py will I be, For I've no - ble
Who is rich-er, who than me, Who has sweeter

2. { Rich to me is na-ture's store; Ev-ery scene a-
Far more choice than golden ore, Tells what bliss has

trea-sure; }
plea-sure? } Yes, though not so soft my bed,

- - round me, }
crown'd me. } Here the birds, on nim-ble wing,

Hum-ble though my dwell-ing, Sweet-ly rests my

Gay-ly round are sail-ing; Here fresh flow-rets

CONTENTED AND HAPPY. Concluded.

41

wea-ry head, Ev'-ry care dis - pell-ing.
 thick-ly spring, All their sweets ex - hal - ing.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes.

3.

Labor here in open air,
 Health and strength affording,
 Makes me able well to spare
 All the miser's hoarding.
 Simple food and quiet rest
 Make me fresh and cheerful;
 Never is my heart depress'd,
 Nor my visage tearful.

4.

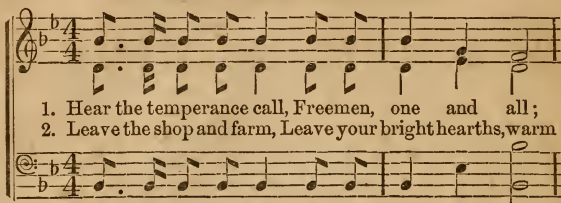
Future ills I let alone,
 Trouble never borrow;
 Every day has but its own—
 Not another's sorrow.
 Thus, I free and cheerful live,
 Happy, happy ever,
 Thank the hand which, good to give,
 Ceases never, never.

PERSEVERE. Round.

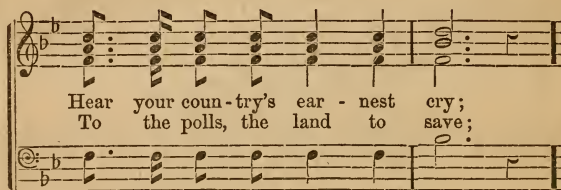
1 2
 If a wea-ry task you find it, Per - se - vere, and
 3
 never mind it, Never, never mind it, never, never mind it.

The musical score for 'Persevere' is a round in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three staves. The first staff has two measures labeled '1' and '2'. The second staff has three measures labeled '3'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

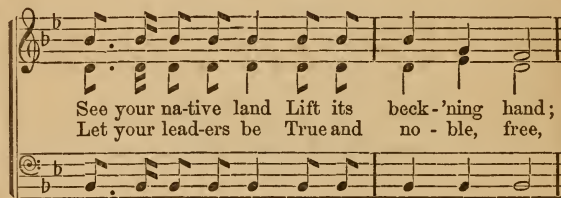
HEAR THE TEMPERANCE CALL.



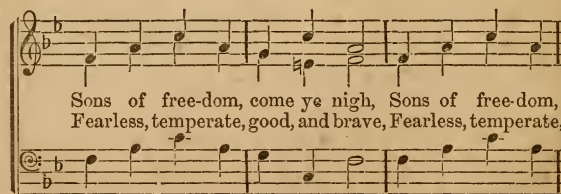
1. Hear the temperance call, Freemen, one and all;
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths, warm



Hear your coun-try's ear - nest cry;
To the polls, the land to save;



See your na-tive land Lift its beck-'ning hand;
Let your lead-ers be True and no - ble, free,



Sons of free-dom, come ye nigh, Sons of free-dom,
Fearless, temperate, good, and brave, Fearless, temperate,

HEAR THE TEMPERANCE CALL. Concluded. 43

come ye nigh; Chase the mon-ster from our shore,
good and brave; Chase the mon-ster from our shore,

Let his cru-el reign be o'er, Chase the mon-ster
Let his cru-el reign be o'er, Chase the mon-ster

from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.
from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

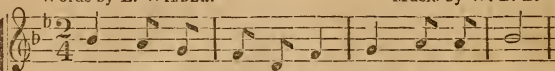
3.

Hail our father land;
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true;
In the temperance cause
Ne'er to faint or pause,
This our purpose is, and vow,
This our purpose is, and vow,
Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er,
Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er.

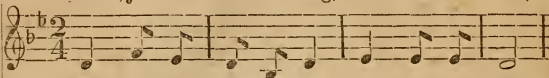
FESTIVE SONG.

Words by L. WILDER.

Music by W. B. B.

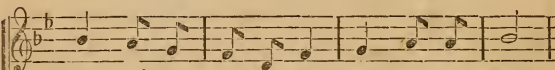


1. Come, join the fes-tive song, Wake voi-ces all;

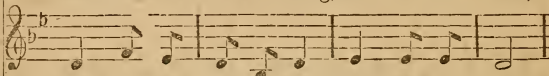


2. Lord of the roll-ing year, Round and a - bove,

3. Joy - ous we swell the strain, Thank - ful to Thee,

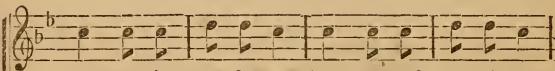
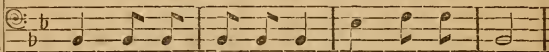


Chime with the ver-nal throng, List to the call;

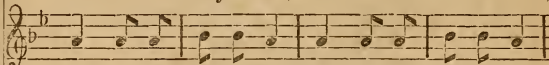


Bound - less thy works ap-pear—Bound-less thy love;

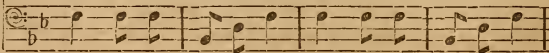
Watched by thy care, a - gain Spring-tide to see;

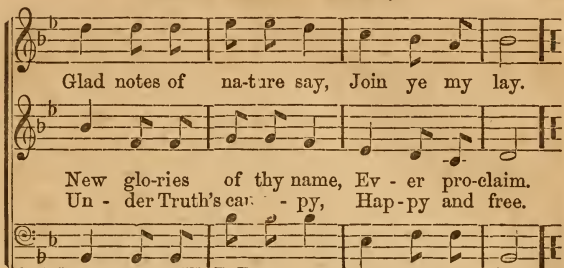


Hear we in every breeze, From vale and mountain trees,



All, all in earth and sky, As glide the sea-sons by,
Still in this gospel land Thro'ngs forth the *Sabbath-band*,





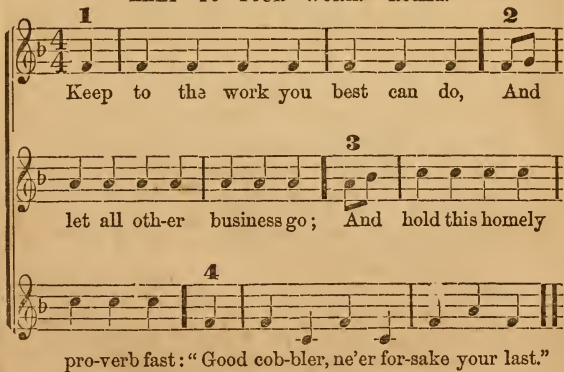
Glad notes of na-ture say, Join ye my lay.

New glo-ries of thy name, Ev - er pro-claim.
Un - der Truth's car - py, Hap-py and free.

4.

Onward for ever flow
Truth's mighty wave;
Soon ev'ry clime below
Conquer and save.
Sweet as the voice of Spring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing,
Glory to God on high,
Glory for aye.

KEEP TO YOUR WORK. Round.



1

2

Keep to the work you best can do, And

3

let all oth-er business go; And hold this homely

4

pro-verb fast: "Good cob-bler, ne'er for-sake your last."

BE GOOD FRIENDS AGAIN.

QUICK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Come, let us be good friends a - gain; We
Our quar - rels on - ly give us pain, And

both may have been wrong; Why should we let our
should not last so long; In fu - ture we will

CHORUS.

an - gry pas - sions rise? }
learn to be more wise. } Come, then, shake hands,
CHORUS.

an - gry pas - sions rise? }
learn to be more wise. } Come, then, shake hands,
CHORUS.

be not still of - fend - ed; Don't dis-dain to
 be not still of - fend - ed; Don't dis-dain to

smile a - gain, For all is past and end - ed.
 smile a - gain, For all is past and end - ed.

2.

All those who wish for happy days,
 This truth should keep in mind,
 That friends without some faults are few and rare;
 And to those faults the proverb says,
 "We should be sometimes blind;"
 For we must learn to bear and forbear.
 Come, then, shake hands, be not still offended;
 Don't disdain to smile again
 For all is past and ended.

THE ONE SONG.

1. { Of songs I know full ma-ny, And sing what pleaseth
'Tis sweet a way as a - ny To have va - ri - e-

2. { Of late I saw a shep-herd, A grass-y slope a-
Where merry brooklets ca-pered In shin-ing sum-mer

me; }
- - ty; } But one song I heard lately Did please my mind so

down, }
sun, } Beneath a beach-tree laying, Lost in a sweet dream,

great-ly, O, that I could but sing it thee, O,

play-ing His tune, a slen-der reed up - on, His

THE ONE SONG. Concluded.

49

that I could but sing it thee.
 tune, a slender reed up - on.

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line for the piece. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

3.

That tune, 'twould first go upward
 Some three, four notes, or so;
 And then it would go downward,
 Now quick, and then more slow.
 That tune to him was heaven;
 Ah! gladly I'd have given
 All mine, that song of his to know!

4.

Thus once did he play through it,
 And then he'd look away;
 Then quick, again, he blew it;
 I saw him as he lay.
 He lay just idly heeding
 His lambkins round him feeding;
 And so he passed the summer day.

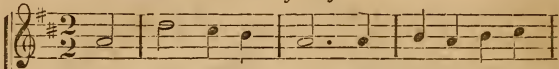
TURN NOT FROM SAD SORROW. Round.

Turn not from sad sorrow; You may help to bear the weight;
 Gentle words and kind compassion May the woe a-bate.

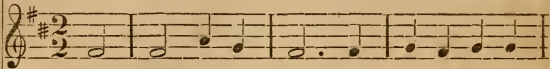
The image shows two staves of musical notation for a round. Both staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a first ending bracket labeled '1' and ends with a double bar line. The second staff begins with a second ending bracket labeled '2' and ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

THRICE HAIL, HAPPY DAY!

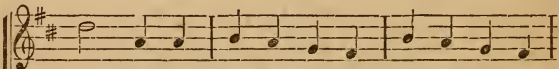
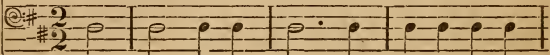
ALLEGRO STACCATO. For 4th of July.



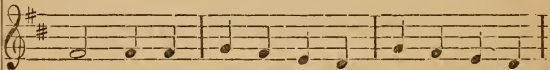
1. Thrice hail, hap-py day, That speak'st our nation's



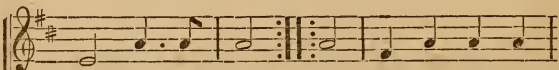
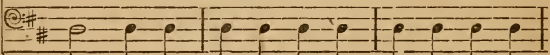
2. The graves of our fathers, Their lau-rels brightly



glo-ry! A voice with thee Proclaims "we're free," Thrice



crown them! They fought and died, That we, in pride, Might



hail, hap-py day. Our hills and plains no



hail free-dom's day! Then, come, ye sons of



THRICE HAIL, HAPPY DAY! Concluded. 51

more are trod By those who wield op - pres-sion's rod ; We
 freedom's throng, And shout their deeds in joyful song ; May

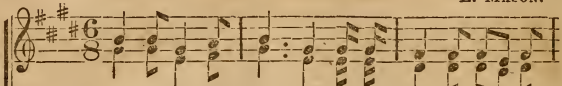
know no ty-rant's rod. Hail, hail ! hap-py day !
 mem-'ry cher-ish long This bright, hap-py day.

3.



Oh, where is the land,
 In all the wide creation,
 That beams so bright,
 With freedom's light,
 On this happy day !
 That's ever sought, and ever loved,
 By all her freeborn sons approved,
 And guarded from above ;
 Then hail, happy day !

WILD WOOD FLOWERS.

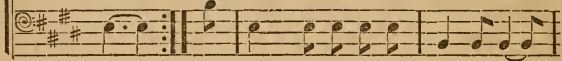
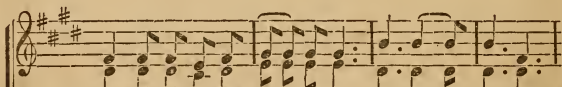
L. MASON.



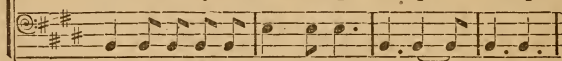

1. Flowers, wild wood flowers! In a shelter'd dell they
2. Flowers, love-ly flowers In the gar-den we may

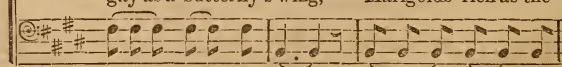
grew; I hurried along, and I chanced to spy This
see; The rose is there, with her ruby lip,

small star flower, with its silvery eye; Then this blue daisy
Pinks the honey-bee loves to sip, Tu-lips, Tu-lips

peep'd up its head, Sweet - ly this
gay as a butterfly's wing, Marigolds rich as the



WILD WOOD FLOWERS. Concluded.

pur - ple or - - chis . . spread; I
crown of a king, rich as the crown of a king; But

gath-er'd them all for you, I gather'd them all for
none so fair to me, But none so fair to

you; All these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood
me, As these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood

flowers, All these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flowers.
flowers, As these wild wood flowers, Sweet wild wood flowers.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

(Auld Lang Syne.)

1. May pure cold wa - ter e'er a-bound, In
 2. And may the voice of "light and love" Ex-

The first system of music features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. Below the treble staff is a bass staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

ev - ery land and clime; Such as in Par - a -
 tend its in-fluence round, Till ev - ery tongue and

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

- dise was found, In days of auld lang syne.
 ev - ery heart Ech - o the joy - ful sound.

The third system concludes the first phrase. The treble staff ends with a quarter note followed by a half note. The bass staff also concludes with a quarter note followed by a half note.

In Par - a - dise 't was found, My friends in
 Let "light and love" a - bound; My friends let

The fourth system begins a new phrase. The treble staff starts with a quarter note followed by a half note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment.

Par - a - dise 'twas found, As crys - tal clear, as
light and love a - bound; With all our hearts, through

free as air, In days of auld lang syne.
all our lives; Let light and love a-bound.

WE ALL ARE HERE IN TIME.

1. We've met together, friends most dear;
Let's always bear in mind,
That youth's the season to improve,
And wisdom's treasures find.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, my friends,
We all are here in time;
Improvement shall our motto be,
So up the *hill* we'll climb.

2. How cheerfully we will recite,
Our cheeks will glow the while;
Ambition urges on in spite
Of every wayward wile.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, &c.

3. When in the morning we arise,
We'll sing our Maker's praise,
Contented if He'll not despise
Our youthful morning lays.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, &c.

4. Obedience to our parents, next
Shall our young minds engage,
To gratify each wish express'd,
And every grief assuage.

Chorus.—We all are here in time, &c.

GLADLY MEETING.

Words by Mr. HASTINGS.

Music by W. B. B

1. Glad-ly meet-ing, Kind-ly greet-ing, On this love-ly

2. Glad-ly meeting, Kindly greeting, School-mates, teachers,
Sabbath-day; Sin-ful thoughts are all for-sak - en,

all are here; Some are lis-tening, some pre-sid - ing,
Ev - ery seat in qui - et tak - en, Let each heart to
Some the les - sons are pro-vid-ing, Some the in - fant

GLADLY MEETING. Concluded.

57

God a - wak - en, While we sing and
mind are guid - ing, Filled with ho - ly

pray, While we sing and pray.
fear, Filled with ho - ly fear.

3.

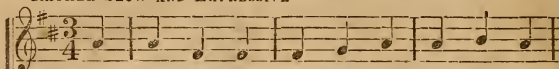
Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

4.

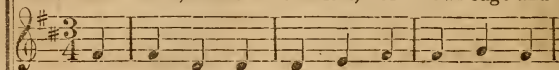
Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return.
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

THE WORD FULL OF COMFORT.

RATHER SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE

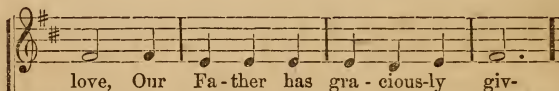
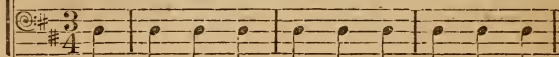


1. The Word, full of com-fort, of knowl-edge and

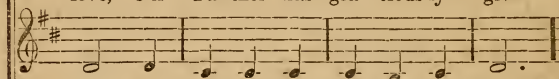
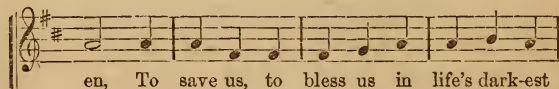


2. In trou-ble, we turn for re - lief to its

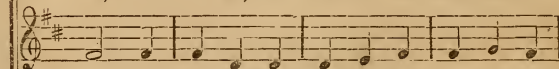
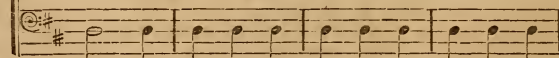
3. There speaks the good Shep-herd kind words to his



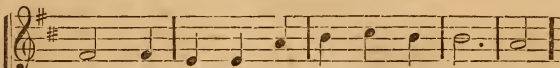
love, Our Fa-ther has gra - cious-ly giv-

page, And sure con - so - la - tion there meets
flock, And prom - i - ses nev - er to leave

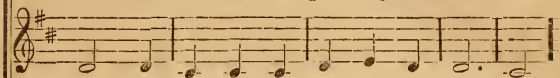
en, To save us, to bless us in life's dark-est

us; And there, when the heart with its bless-ings o'er-
them; He calls them to fol-low the path he has

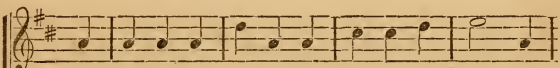
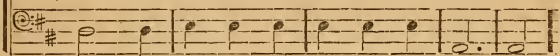
THE WORD FULL OF COMFORT. Concluded. 59



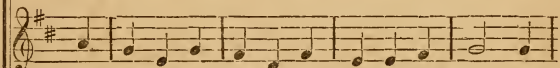
hour, And teach us the path-way to heav - en.



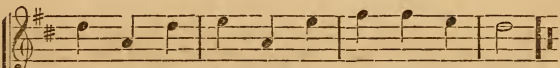
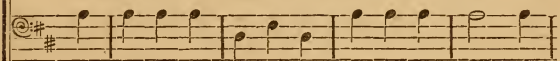
- flows, Sweet, hea-ven-born sym - pa - thy greets us.
trod, Where He waits, in love to re - ceive them.



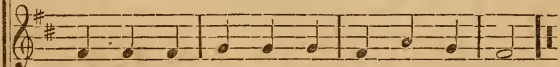
Each line with the ra-di-ance of heaven is bright,—The



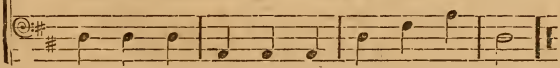
The sim-ple find com-fort to si-lence each moan, The
Re-joyce, then, ye good, tho' this bo-dy must die, The



va - pors of earth ne'er can dark-en its light.



great-est find wis-dom sur - pass-ing their own.
api - rit will live in His king-dom on high.



CHILDREN'S SONG.

From "The Shawm," by permission.

1. Around the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thousand children

2. What bro't them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and

stand, Whose sins are all through Christ forgiv'n, A

fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How

ho - ly, hap - py band; Sing-ing glo - ry,

came those chil-dren there? Sing-ing glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing-ing

glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.

3.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean ;
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

4.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;
 And now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb ;
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

"ALL THE WEEK WE SPEND."

W. B. B.

1. All the week we spend Full of child-ish bliss,

Ev - ery changing scene Brings its hap - pi - ness;

{ Yet our joys would not be full, }
 { Had we not the Sabbath school, } Yet our joys would

"ALL THE WEEK WE SPEND." Concluded. 63

not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school.

not be full, Had we not the Sab-bath school.

2.

Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day ;
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day ;
Then our youthful hearts are full
Of the precious Sabbath school.

3.

To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought ;
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought ;
Gracious news and merciful ;
How we love the Sabbath school !

"WHEREWITHAL SHALL A YOUNG MAN." Round.

1 2

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way, By

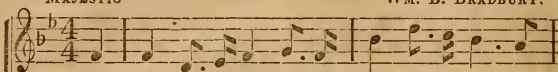
3 4

ta king heed thereto, ac - cord - ing to thy word.

"THE BIBLE! THE BIBLE!"

MAJESTIC

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, The



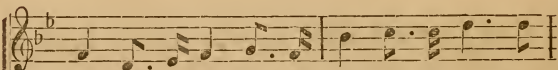
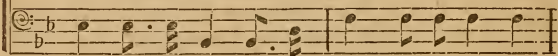
2. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! blest vol-ume of truth, How



hopes and the glo-ries its pa - ges un-fold; It



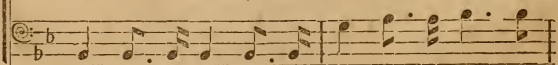
sweet-ly it smiles on the sea - son of youth; It



speaks of a Sav-iour, and tells of his love; It



bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere th'



shows us the way to the man-sions a-bove, It
heart is en-slaved in the bon-dage of vice, Ere th'

shows us the way to the man-sions a-bove.
heart is en-slaved in the bon - dage of vice.

3.

The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

For Fourth of July, &c.

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia! - hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Immortal pat-riots! rise once more; Defend your rights, de-

heaven-born band! Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who
fend your shore; Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let

fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine, where

war was gone, En - joy'd the peace your val - or won. Let
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well - earned prize. While

HAIL COLUMBIA. Concluded.

67

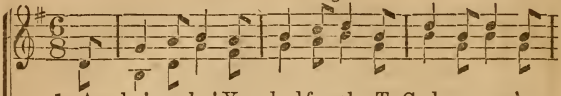
Independence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost ;
offering peace, sincere and just, In heaven we place a manly trust, That

Ev-er grateful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
truth and justice will prevail, And every scheme of bondage fail.

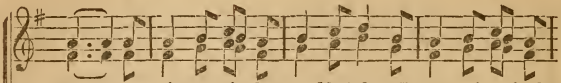
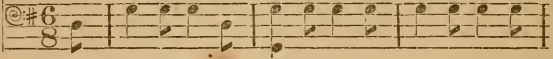
Firm—u - nit-ed Let us be, Ral-lying round our Liberty ;
Firm—u - nit-ed Let us be, Ral-lying round our Liberty ;

As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.
As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

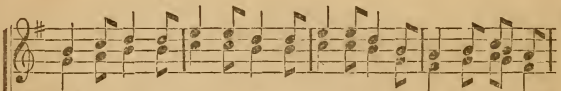
AWAKE! AWAKE!

Sabbath Morning.

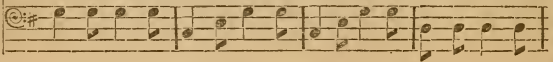
1. Awake! awake! Your bed forsake, To God your praises
2. Before the morn Awaked the dawn, The blessed Saviour
3. The angels bright, From worlds of light, To greet his rising



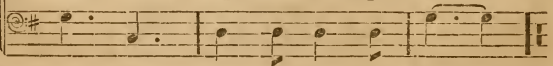
pay ; The morning sun is clear and bright ; How precious is the
 rose ; He conquer'd death, and left the grave, While soft across the
 came, The Prince of life with joy they view, While heav'n its glories



sacred light ! With songs of love Praise God above ; It is the Sabbath
 placid wave, The morning star Shone forth afar, And vanquished all his
 o'er him threw ; Then haste to fly Above the sky, Their raptures to pro-



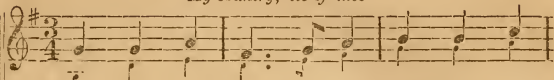
day, It is the Sab-bath day.
 foes, And van-quished all his foes.
 claim, Their rap - tures to pro - claim.



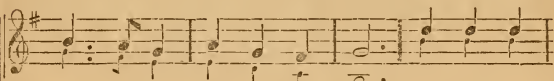
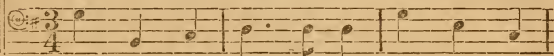
AMERICA.

69

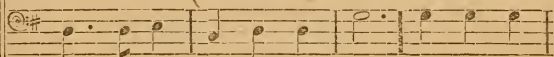
My country, 'tis of thee



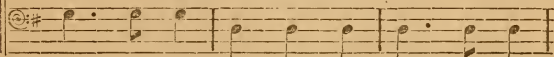
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee—Sweet Land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the
3. Our fa - ther's God, to thee—Au - thor of



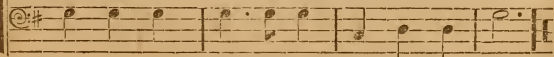
Lib - er-ty— Of thee I sing. Land where my
no - ble free—Thy name I love. I love thy
lib - er-ty— To thee we sing. Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
land be bright With free - dom's hap - py light!



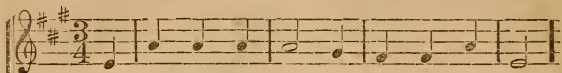
From ev - ery moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.



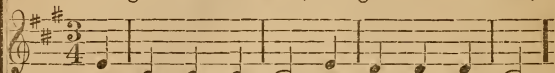
THE GOOD AND THE KIND.

GENTLE.

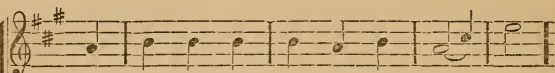
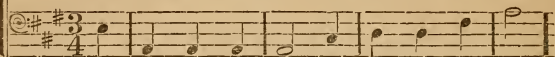
WM. B. BRADBURY.



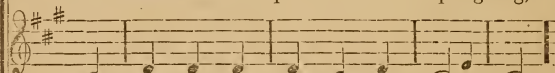
1. The good and the kind, The good and the kind,



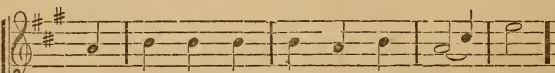
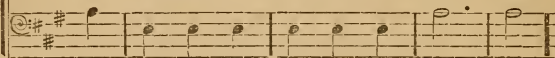
2. The good and the kind, The good and the kind,



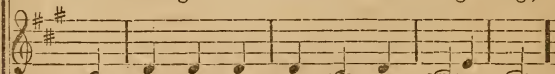
Find flowers in their path ev - er spring - ing,



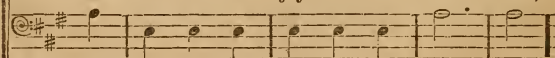
In sim-plest of bless-ings find plea - sure,



And an - gels a - round ev - er sing - ing;



And ev - er en - joy a rich treas - ure;



THE GOOD AND THE KIND. Concluded. 71

The good and the kind, The good and the kind.

The good and the kind, The good and the kind.

3.

The good and the kind
Rejoice in the sunshine of heaven,
And peacefully welcome the even;
The good and the kind.

4.

The good and the kind
Are useful, and shrink not from labor,
To serve brother, kindred, or neighbor;
The good and the kind.

5.

The good and the kind,
By kindness their piety proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving—
The good and the kind.

"THY STATUTES HAVE BEEN MY SONG." Round.

Thy stat-utes have been my song, In the

house of my pil - grim - age.

THE WIDOW'S PIOUS SON

Words by Dr. HAWKS.

1. I knew a wid-ow, ver-y poor, Who
D. C. An hon-est pride the wo-man felt, Tho'

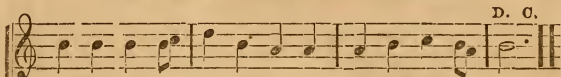
2. To la-bor she would leave her home, For
D. C. I thought that I would go and see How

four small children had; The eld-est was but
she was ver-y poor.

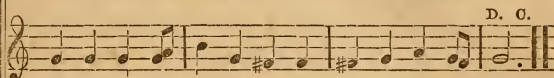
chil-dren must be fed; And glad was she when
these poor children were.

six years old—A gen-tle, mod-est lad. And
she could buy A shil-ling's worth of bread. One

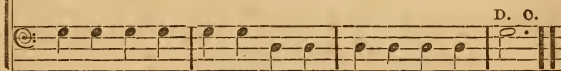
THE WIDOW'S PIOUS SON. Concluded. 73



very hard this widow toiled, To feed her children four ;



day when snow was falling fast, And piercing was the air,



3.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home :
 'Twas searched by every breeze ;
 When going in, the eldest child
 I saw upon his knees.
 I paused, and listened to the boy :
 He never raised his head,
 But still went on, and said, "*Give us
 This day our daily bread.*"

4.

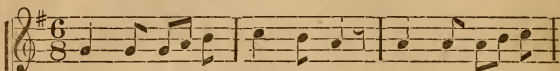
I waited till the child was done,
 Still listening as he prayed ;
 And when he rose, I asked him why
 The Lord's prayer he had said.
 "Why, sir," said he, "this morn'g, when
 My mother went away,
 She wept, she said, because she had
 No bread for us to-day.

5.

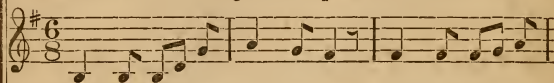
"She said we children now must starve,
 Our father being dead ;
 And then I told her not to cry,
 For I could get some bread.
 "*Our Father,* sir, the prayer begins,
 Which makes me think that he,
 As we have got no father here,
 Would our kind Father be.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

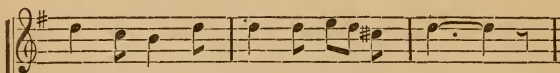
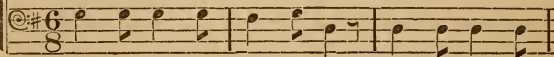
ALLEGRETTO



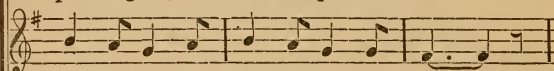
1. Here we suf-fer grief and pain, Here we meet to



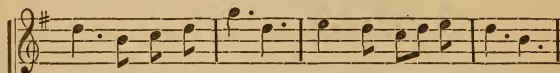
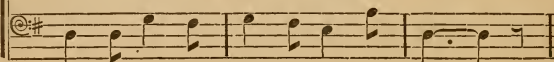
2. All who love the Lord be-low, When they die to



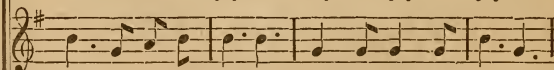
part a-gain; In heaven we part no more.



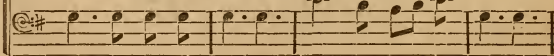
heaven will go, And sing with saints a - bove.

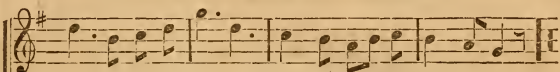


O! that will be joy-ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy-ful!



O! that will be joy-ful! Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy-ful.

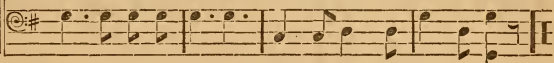




O! that will be joyful! When we meet to part no more.



O! that will be joyful When we meet to part no more.



3.

Happy scholars will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From *every* Sunday school.

O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

4.

Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.

O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

5.

O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.

O! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

6.

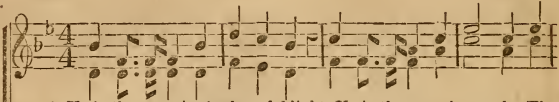
There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ, the Lord.

O! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

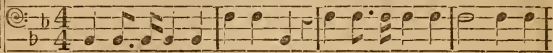
"UP IN THE MORNING EARLY."

BRISKLY.

PYNE



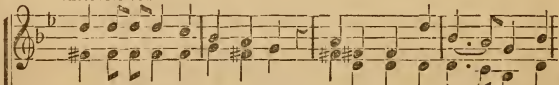
1. Up in the morning's cheerful light, Up in the morning early, The
2. Up in the morning's cheerful light, Up in the morning early, The



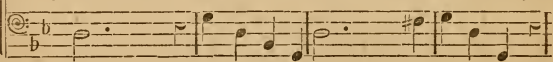
sun is shining warm and bright, And the birds are singing cheerily.
 sun is shining warm and bright, And the birds are singing cheeriiy.



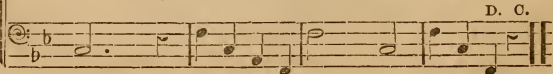
SEMICHORUS



Now summer dews are on the grass, Hanging pure and pearly ; And
 Have you not heard the blackbird's song, Loud he sings and cheerily ; I



morning moments quickly pass, Up in the morning early.
 shall be with you ere 'tis long, Tripping light and merrily.



DUTIFUL CHILDREN.

SOLO, OR SEMICHORUS.

SAVOYARD AIR.

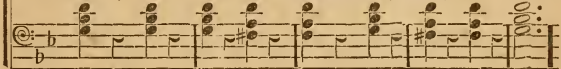


1. When men and women we are grown, And a - ged pa - rents
2. There is a Ho - ly book that says, Our pa - rents we must
3. There was a wick - ed son who turned His poor old mother

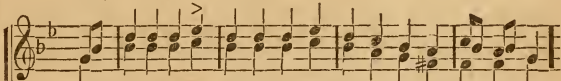


need our aid, They never shall to strangers go, While we can work for
always love ; And if we should forget their age, It will be mark'd above.

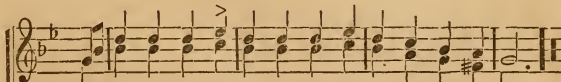
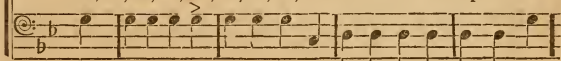
from his door ; And his own child forsook him too, When he was old and



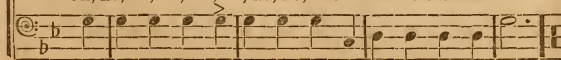
CHORUS FOR EACH STANZA.



Oh, no, no, no, Oh, no, no, no, We will not treat our parents so

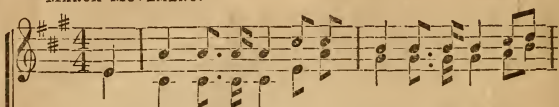


Oh, no, no, no, Oh, no, no, no, We will not treat them so.

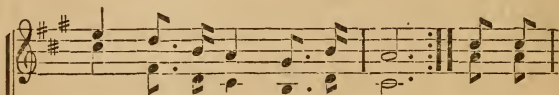
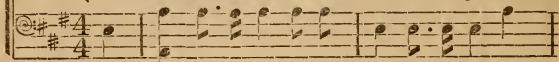


RESOLVE FOR THE RIGHT.

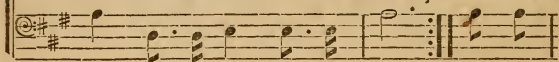
MARCH MOVEMENT.



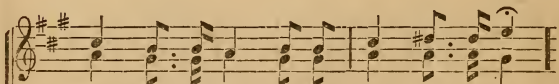
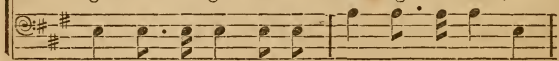
1. { We stand here together, with courage and will, Re-
 { With hearts true and constant, whatever may come, We



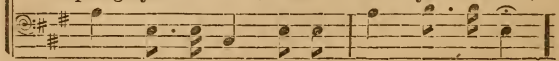
solved the right cause to main-tain; } For the
 firm as the rocks will re - main: }



right! for the right! here un-flinch-ing we stand, I



pledge you the word, and I reach you the hand,



RESOLVE FOR THE RIGHT. Concluded.

79

Musical notation for the first part of the song, consisting of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I pledge you the word, and I reach you the hand.

2.

An aim and a purpose he formed in each heart,
 Which yet must awake in their might,
 To raise the degraded, relieve the oppressed,
 And fearlessly stand for the right.
 For the right! for the right here unflinching we stand,
 So pledge me the word, and so reach me the hand!

3.

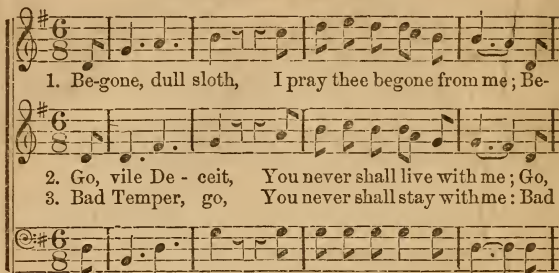
No fear, no self-seeking must enter our band,
 No question of evil report;
 All nations, all people of every land,
 To us must be brothers in heart.
 For the right! for the right all unflinching we stand,
 Here pledge we the word, and here join we the hand!

"I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE." Round.

Musical notation for the song "I Love the Merry Sunshine", consisting of four staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics are written below the staves.

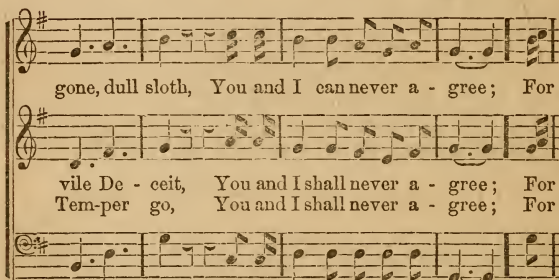
I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, I
 love the merry, merry sun-shine, It makes the heart so
 gay, It makes the heart so gay, It makes the heart so
 gay, the heart so gay, It makes the heart so gay.

GET RID OF BAD GUESTS.



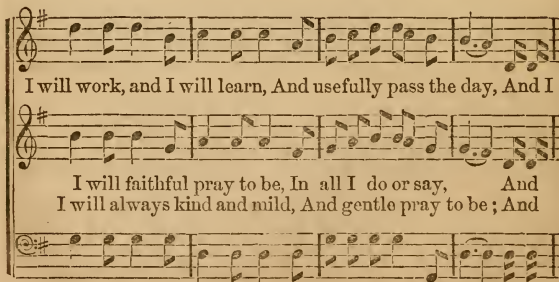
1. Be-gone, dull sloth, I pray thee begone from me; Be-

2. Go, vile De - ceit, You never shall live with me; Go,
3. Bad Temper, go, You never shall stay with me: Bad



gone, dull sloth, You and I can never a - gree; For

vile De - ceit, You and I shall never a - gree; For
Tem-per go, You and I shall never a - gree; For

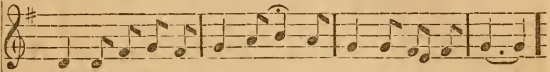


I will work, and I will learn, And usefully pass the day, And I

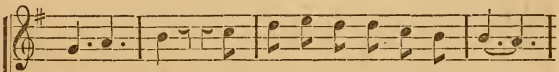
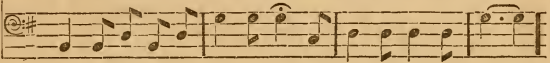
I will faithful pray to be, In all I do or say, And
I will always kind and mild, And gentle pray to be; And



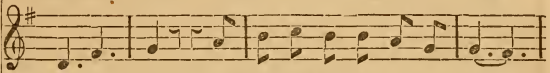
think it one of the wisest things, To drive dull sloth away.



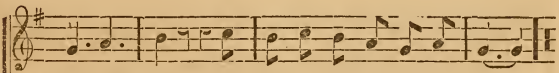
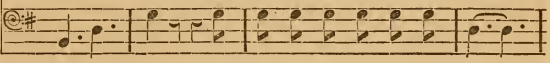
always speak the honest truth, Whether at work or play.
do to oth-ers as I wish That they should do to me.



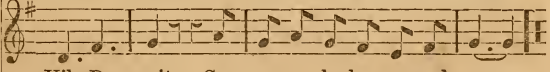
Sloth and waste, Debts never are a-ble to pay;



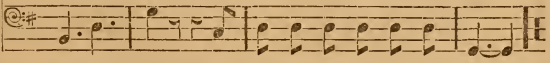
Vile De - ceit, With me shall nev - er stay ;
Temper bad, With me shall nev - er stay ;



Sloth and waste Can nev-er be hap-py and gay.

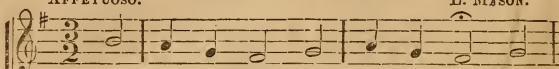


Vile De - ceit Can nev-er be hap-py and gay.
Temper bad Can nev-er be hap-py and gay.

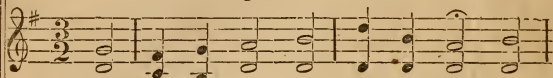


AFFETUOSO.

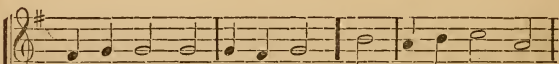
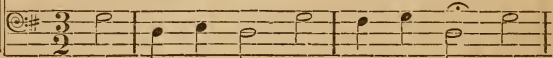
L. MASON.



1. Thine earth-ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love; But
 2. No more fa - tigue—no more dis - tress, Nor



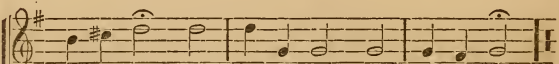
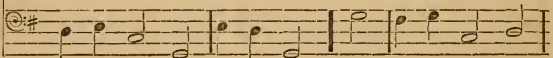
3. No rude a - larms of ra - ging foes, No



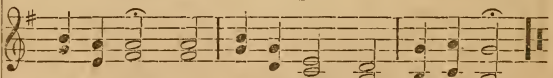
there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our long-ing
 sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle



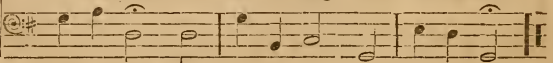
cares to break the blest re - pose; No midnight shade,—no



souls as-pire, With cheerful hope and strong de-sire.
 with the songs Which dwell upon im - mor-tal tongues.



cloud-ed sun— But sa - cred, high, e - ter-nal noon.



1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or
 2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As

3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their

shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that
 fast as time can move! Nor would we wish the

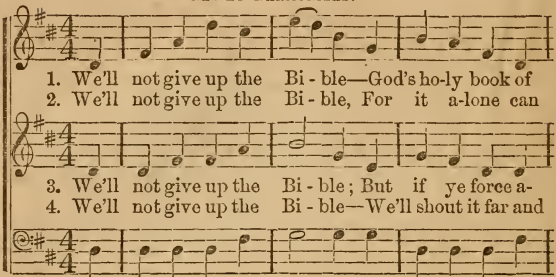
bod - ies to the tomb! 'Twas there the flesh of

Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.
 hours more slow, To keep us from our Love.

Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.

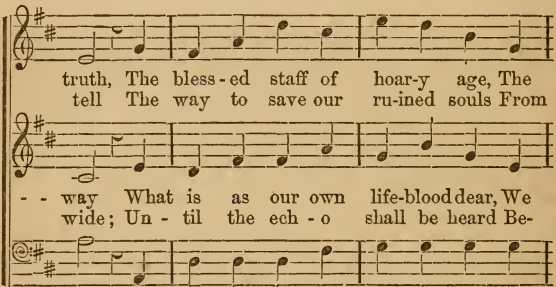
WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

NEWLY HARMONIZED.



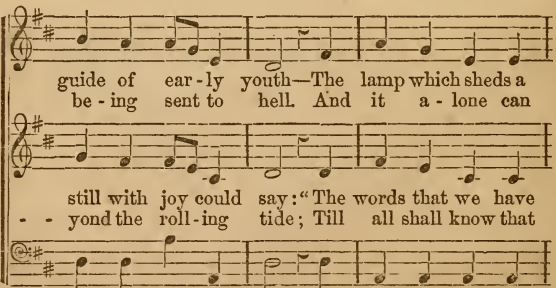
1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble—God's ho-ly book of
 2. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, For it a-lone can

3. We'll not give up the Bi - ble; But if ye force a-
 4. We'll not give up the Bi - ble—We'll shout it far and



truth, The bless - ed staff of hoar-y age, The
 tell The way to save our ru-ined souls From

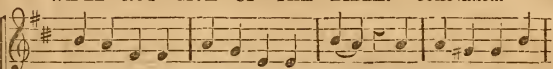
- - way What is as our own life-blood dear, We
 wide; Un - til the ech - o shall be heard Be-



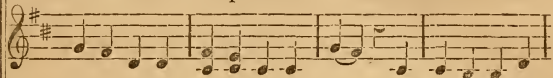
guide of ear-ly youth—The lamp which sheds a
 be - ing sent to hell. And it a - lone can

still with joy could say: "The words that we have
 - - yond the roll-ing tide; Till all shall know that

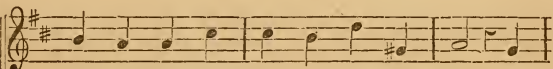
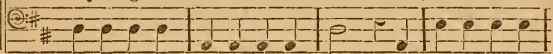
WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE. Concluded. 85



glorious light O'er every dreary road—The voice which speaks a
tell us how We can have hopes of heav'n—That thro' the Saviour's



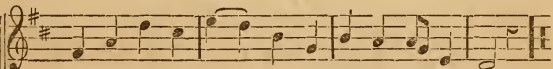
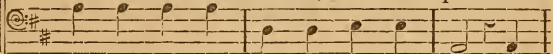
learn'd while young Shall follow all our days; For they're
we, tho' young, Withstand each treach'rous art; And that from



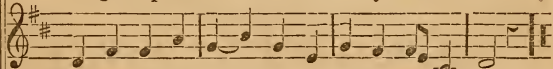
Sa-viour's love, And leads us home to God. We'll
pre-cious blood Our sins may be for-given. We'll



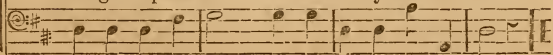
on our hearts, And you can not e - rase." We'll
sa - cred word We'll nev-er, nev - er part. We'll



not give up the Bi - ble—God's holy book of truth.
not give up the Bi - ble—God's holy book of truth.

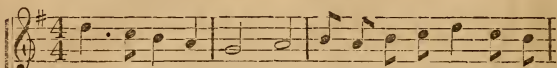


not give up the Bi - ble—God's holy book of truth.
not give up the Bi - ble—God's holy book of truth.

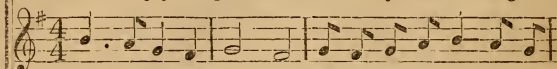


SONG OF WELCOME.

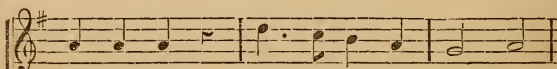
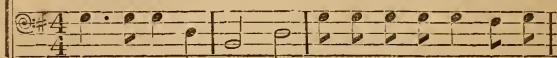
MARCH MOVEMENT.



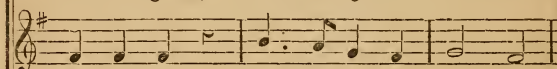
1. Come where joy and gladness Make each youthful stranger a



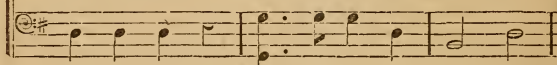
2. Thus our days em-ploy - ing, We are always learning some



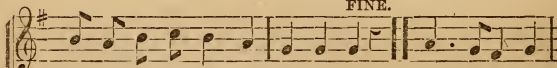
wel-come guest; Come where grief and sad - ness



use - ful thing; These pur-suits en - joy - ing,

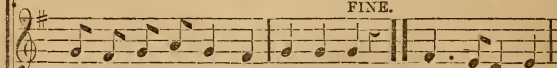


FINE.



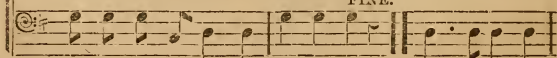
Will not find a dwelling in your breast. Time with us will

FINE.



Mer-ri - ly to-gether we will sing. Tho' in sports we

FINE.



SONG OF WELCOME. Concluded.

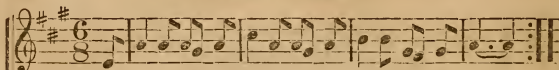
87

pass away, With books, or work, or healthful play ;
 take delight, We al - so love to read and write ;

Some - times with a cheer - ful song, The
 Those who teach us, too, we prize, Who

hap - py hours will glide a - long. D. C.
 strive to make us good and wise. D. C.

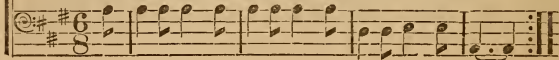
PARTING HYMN.



1. How pleasant thus to dwell below, In fellowship of love ;
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above. }



2. Yes, happy tho't, when we are free from earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see, And never part again. }



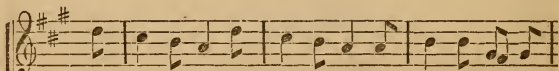
The good shall meet above, The good shall meet above ;



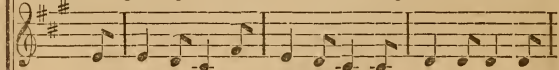
And nev-er part a - gain, . . And nev-er part a - gain.



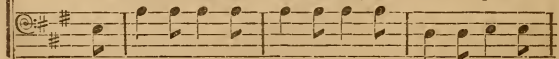
To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,



And though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a-



In heaven we shall each oth - er see, And nev-er part a-

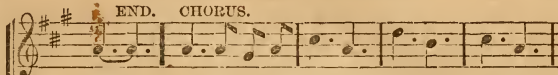


And sing the everlasting song, With those who've gone be-

PARTING HYMN. Concluded.

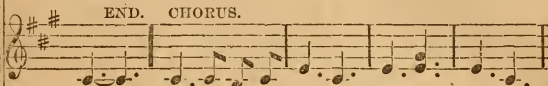
89

END. CHORUS.



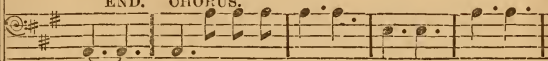
- - - bove. O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful!

END. CHORUS.

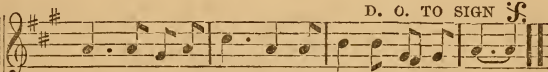


- - - gain. O! that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful!


END. CHORUS.



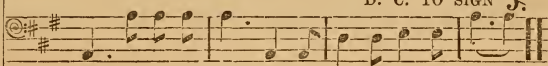

- - - fore.

D. O. TO SIGN 

O! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more.

D. C. TO SIGN 

O! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more.

D. C. TO SIGN 

3.

The children who have loved the Lord
 Shall hail their teachers there;
 And teachers gain the rich reward
 Of all their toil and care.

O! that will be joyful! &c.

4.

Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join
 In never-ending praise.

O! that will be joyful! &c.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

From the Carmina Sacra, by permission.

1. Sweet day of rest! for thee I'd

2. But oft (with shame I will con-

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part consists of a single bass line.

wait, Em - blem and earnest of a state Where

fess) My priv - i - lege, my burden is, No

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part consists of a single bass line.

saints are ful - ly blest! For thee I'd look, for

joys, a - las! have I; When I would take my

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part consists of a single bass line.

thee I'd sigh ; I'd count the days till thou art nigh, Sweet
 harp and sing, I find it oft without a string, And

day of sacred rest, Sweet day of sa - cred rest!
 lay it coldly by, And lay it cold - ly by.

3.

But while I thus confess my shame,
 'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,
 Who makes me sometimes sing ;
 Yes, Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise,)
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
 And triumph in my King.

4.

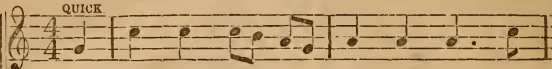
O! let the case be always so,
 My song no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue ;
 In heav'n a nobler strain I raise,
 And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
 My heaven an endless song.

PRAISE TO JESUS. C. P. M.

Words from Anniversary Hymns.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

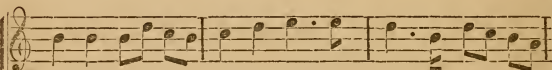
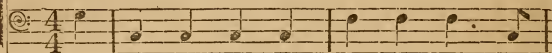
QUICK



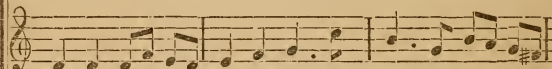
1. We come, we come, in joy - ous train, To



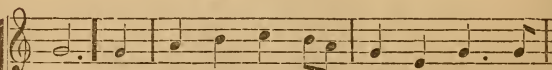
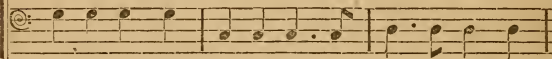
2. Oh Je - sus! thou ex - alt - ed King, To



sing the praise of Je - sus' name, And high our voi - ces



thee our offer - ing now we bring : May we our tongues em -

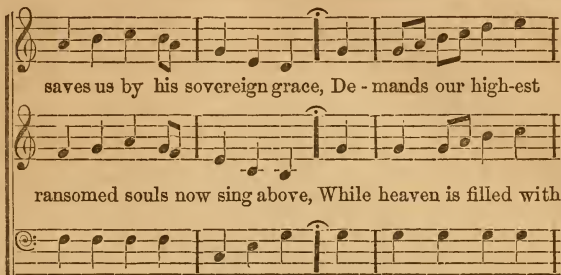


raise; He that re - deemed our fall - en race, And

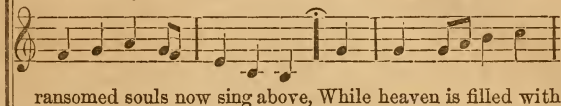


poy To swell the song of dy - ing love, Which

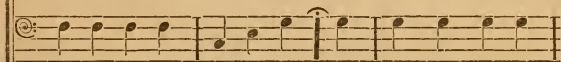




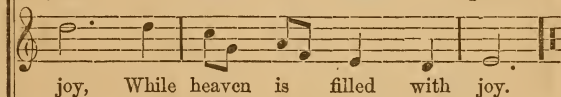
saves us by his sovereign grace, De - mands our high-est



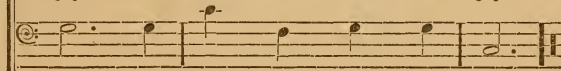
ransomed souls now sing above, While heaven is filled with




praise, De - mands our high - est praise.



joy, While heaven is filled with joy.



3.

Thou blessed Lamb, that once was slain,
 Who bore the cross, endured its pain,
 And died on Calvary's hill:
 We hail thee as the risen Lord,
 Who came according to thy word,
 To do thy Father's will.

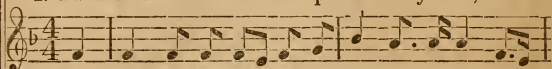
4.

Then shout aloud, in joyful strains,
 'Tis Jesus Christ for ever reigns,
 High on his throne above;
 And may the heavenly choirs on high,
 Send back the echo in reply,
 To this our song of love.

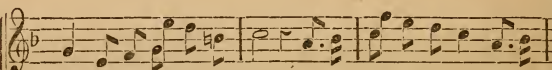
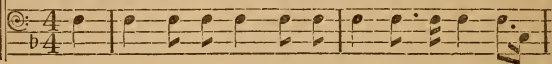
THE CHILD'S DESIRE.



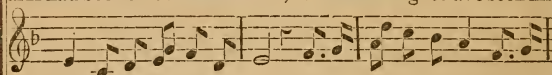
1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his



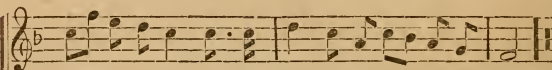
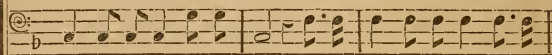
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau-ti-ful place he is gone to pre-pare, For



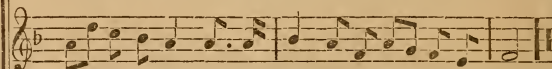
Jesus was here among men, How he call'd little children as
arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his [kind



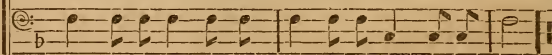
ask for a share in his love; And if I thus earnestly
all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children are



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come unto me."



seek him below, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



THE HAPPY LAND.

95

HINDOOSTAN AIR.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way,
 2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way;
 3. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye;

Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
 Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay?
 Kept by a Father's hand, Love can - not die.

O how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King!
 O, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free;
 O, then, to glory run; Be a crown and kingdom won;

Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
 Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 And bright, above the sun, We reign for aye.

O COME, LET US SING.

1. O come, let us sing To the God of sal-

2. Though our hearts are deprav'd, Though with sin we are

3. The hour may be nigh, When our bosoms faint

va - tion, To Je - sus our King, Who hath

bur-den'd, Our souls may be sav'd, And our

heav-ing, Shall breathe their last sigh In the

brought con-so - la - tion; { Who in his own
To cleanse all our

sins may be par-doned; { And Je - sus, our
And free us for

peace of be - liev - ing; { And thou from our
Wilt calm the rude

bod - y Hath o - pen'd a foun-tain, }
 sins Though as high as a moun-tain. } Hal-le-

Sa-viour, Hath prom-ised to bless us, }
 ev - er from those that op - press us. } Hal-le-
 pil - low All dark-ness dis - pell - ing, }
 bil - low Of Jor-dan's proud swell-ing. } Hal-le-

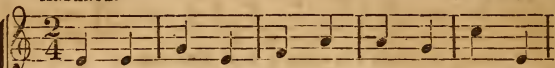
lujah to the Lamb, Who hath brought us a pardon ; We will
 lujah to the Lamb, Who hath brought us a pardon ; We will
 lujah to the Lamb, Who hath brought us a pardon ; We will

praise him again, When we've passed o-ver Jor-dan.
 praise him again, When we've passed o-ver Jor-dan.
 praise him again, When we've passed o-ver Jor-dan.

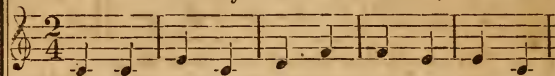
DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

ANDANTE.

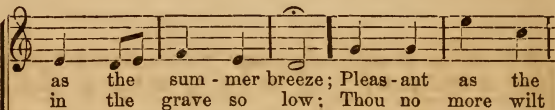
L. MASON.



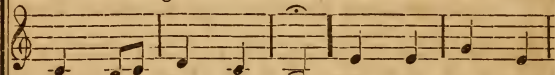
1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle
 2. Peaceful be thy si-lent slum-ber, Peaceful



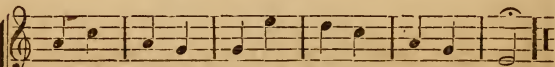
3. Dearest sis-ter, thou hast left us, Here thy
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the



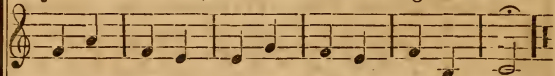
as the sum-mer breeze; Pleas-ant as the
 in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt



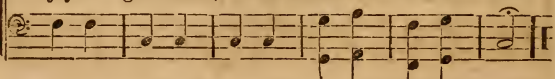
loss we deep-ly feel; But 'tis God that
 day of life is fled; Then, in heaven with



air of even-ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.



hath be - reft us; He can still our sor-row heal.
 joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.



"OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

99

1. Our Fa-ther in heaven, we hal-low thy name;
2. For-give our trans-gres-sions, and teach us to know

May thy King-dom all ho-ly On earth be the same.
That humble com-pas-sion That par-dons each foe.

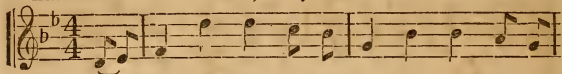
O, give to us dai-ly our por-tion of bread;
Save us from temp-ta-tion, from weak-ness, and sin;

It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.
And thine be the glo-ry, for ev-er, a-men.

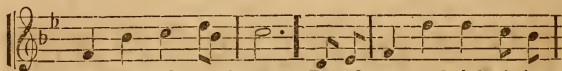
SOME LOVE TO DRINK.

ANDANTE.

Music, "Lily Dale."



1. Some love to drink from the foamy brink, Where the
2. O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring, 'Mong the
3. As pure as heaven is the wa-ter given, 'Tis for
4. Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek, For the
5. There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea, When the



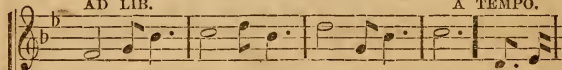
wine-drop's dance they see; But the water bright, in its
 [there's
 rocks where the moss doth grow; There's health in the tide, and
 ev - er fresh and new; Distilled in the sky, it
 worn rock owns its sway; And we're borne swift along, by its
 loud, stormy wind doth blow; And a fear-ful sight is the



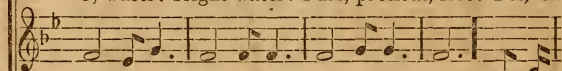
sil - ver light, And a crys - tal cup for me.
 mu-sic beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow.
 comes from on high, In the shower and the gentle dew.
 wing so strong, When it riseth to fly a - way.
 cataract's might, As it leaps to the depths be - low.

AD LIB.

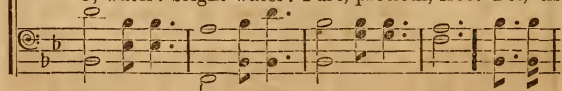
A TEMPO.



O, water! bright water! Pure, precious, free! Yes, 'tis



O, water! bright water! Pure, precious, free! Yes, 'tis



By permission of O. DITSON, proprietor of copy-right.

water bright in its silver light, And a crystal cup for me.

water bright in its silver light, And a crystal cup for me.

IN THE ROSY LIGHT—Music, "*Lily Dale*."

1. In the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high;
From the lips of youth, to the God of truth,
Let the joyful echoes fly.
Sing praises, glad praises,
Sing praises, sing;
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.
2. As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, &c.
3. Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss;—
Let his praise for ever flow!
Sing praises, &c.
4. Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.
5. On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arms we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

COME, CHILDREN, JOIN TO SING.

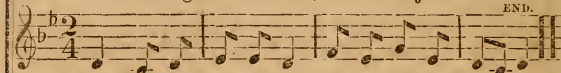


END.

1. Come, children, join to sing, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men!

D. C. Praise is his gracious choice, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!

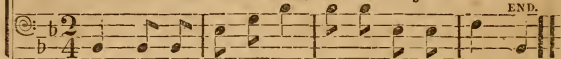
END.



2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Hallelujah! A - men!

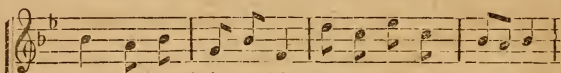
D. C. His love shall never end, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!

END.

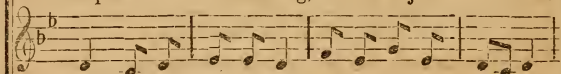


3. Praise yet the Lord a - gain, Hal-le - lu - jah! A - men!

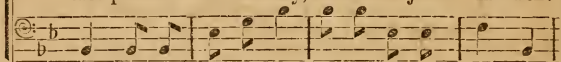
D. C. Sing - ing for ev - er - more, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!



Loud praise to Christ our king, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!

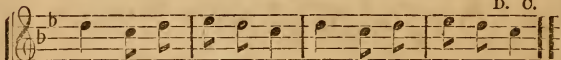


Let praises fill the sky, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!



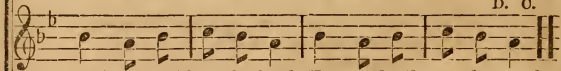
Life shall not end the strain, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!

D. C.



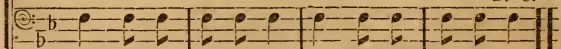
Let all with heart and voice, Be - fore his throne re-joice;

D. C.



He is our guide and friend; To us he'll con-de-scend,

D. C.



On heaven's blissful shore, His goodness we'll a-dore;

"WAKE THE SONG."

WITH ENERGY AND SPIRIT.

f

1. Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it

f

2. All ye na - tions, join and sing, Christ, of

3. Now the des - ert lands re - joice, And the

f

D. C. Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee, Let it

FINE.

ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the

FINE.

lords and kings, is King; Let it sound from
isl - ands join their voice; Yea, the whole cre-

FINE.

ech - o o'er the sea.

D. C.

prom-ised hour; Je - sus reigns with sov'reign power.

D. C.

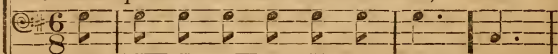
shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for ev - er - more.
a - tion sings, Je - sus is the King of kings.

104 "HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH TO ME."

NOT TOO QUICK.



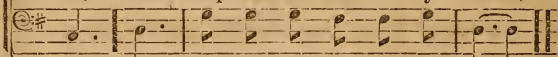
1. { How sweet is the Sab-bath to me, The
 'Tis heav-en his beau-ties to see, And
D. C. But if he will make me his child, I'll
 2. { This day he in - vites me to come, How
 He of - fers me heav-en for home, And
D. C. To sprin-kle and cleanse me with - in, And



day when the Saviour arose; }
 in his soft arms to repose. } He knows I am weak and de-
 never forsake him a - gain.
 kindly he bids me draw near! }
 wipes off the penitent tear; } He of-fers to pardon my
 show me his tenderest care.



- filed, My life is but emp-ty and vain;
 sin, And keep me from ev - e - ry snare,



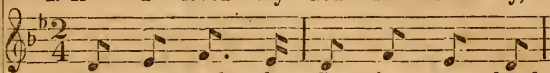
3. I cannot, I must not refuse;
 His goodness has conquered my heart;
 The Lord for my portion I choose,
 And bid all my folly depart.
 How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
 The day my Redeemer arose!
 'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
 And in his soft arms to repose.

WHY SHOULD COLD.

105



1. Why should cold or storm - y weath - er
2. If I loved my God sin - cere - ly,



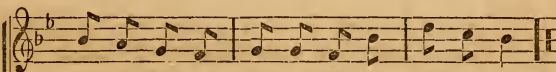
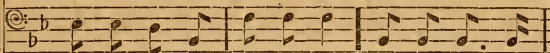
3. When on earth the Sa - viour wan - dered,
4. Then shall cold or storm - y weath - er



Keep me from the house of prayer? Oh! where Christians
If my heart approved his ways, It would grieve my



Oft for me his cheek was wet; Oft in si - lent
Keep me from the house of prayer? No! where Christians



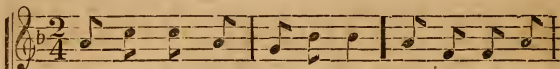
meet to - geth - er, Let me still be with them there!
heart se - vere - ly To be kept from prayer and praise.



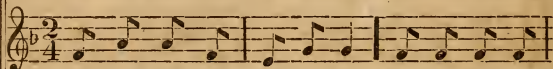
prayer he pondered, Through chill night, on Ol - i - vet.
meet to - geth - er, Let me still be with them there!



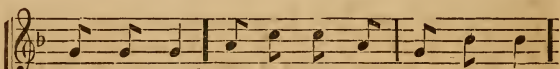
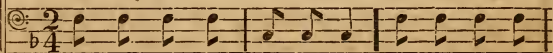
MODERATO



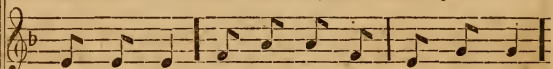
1. Lit - tle trav-ellers Zi - on-ward, Each one entering



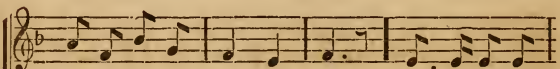
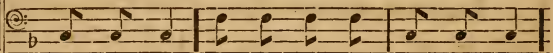
2. Who are those whose lit - tle feet, Pac-ing life's dark



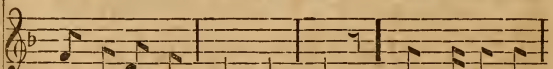
in - to rest, In the king-dom of your Lord,



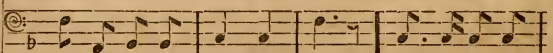
journey through, Now have reached that heavenly seat



In the mansions of the blest. There to welcome



They had ev - er kept in view? "I, from Greenland's

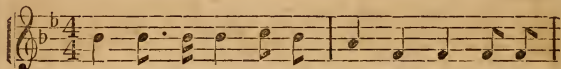


Je - sus waits, Gives the crowns his fol - lowers win,
fro - zen land; "I, from In - dia's sul - try plain;"

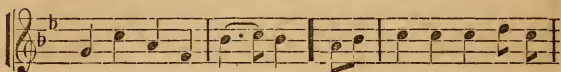
Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in.
"I, from Afric's barren sand;" "I, from islands of the main."

3.

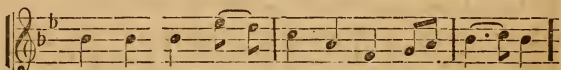
"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!"
Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!



1. Gush-ing so bright in the morning light, Gleams the
2. Qui - et - ly glide in their sil-very tide, The
3. Touch not the wine, tho' brightly it shine, When
4. Not on - ly here of the wa - ter clear, Is

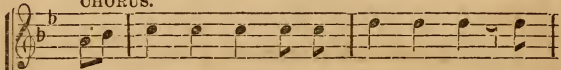


wa-ter in yon foun-tain; As pure-ly, too, as the
 brooks from rocks to valley; And the flashing streams, in the
 na-ture to man has given A gift so sweet, his
 God the lavish giv - er; But when we rise to

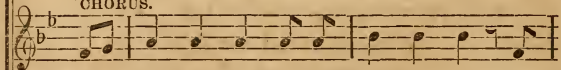


ear - ly dew That gems the dis - tant moun-tain.
 broad sun-beams, Like a ban-nered ar - my ral - ly.
 wants to meet, A bev'rage that flows from heaven.
 yon - der skies, We'll drink of life's bright riv - er.

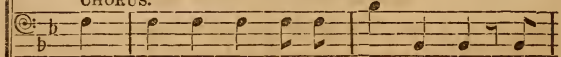
CHORUS.



Then drink your fill of the grate-ful rill, And
 'CHORUS.



Then drink your fill of the grate-ful rill, And
 CHORUS.



leave the cup of sor - row ; Tho' it shine to-night in its

leave the cup of sor - row ; Tho' it shine to-night in its

gleam-ing light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

gleam-ing light, 'Twill sting thee on the mor - row.

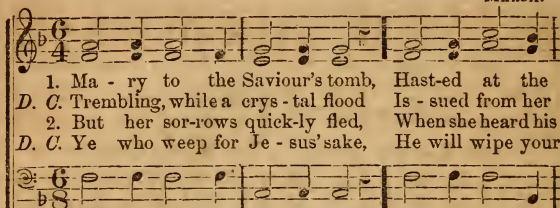
SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.—TUNE, "*Gushing so Bright.*"

1. Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses ;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses !

Chorus.—Oh, then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter ;
There's nothing so good, for the youthful blood,
Or so sweet as the sparkling water.

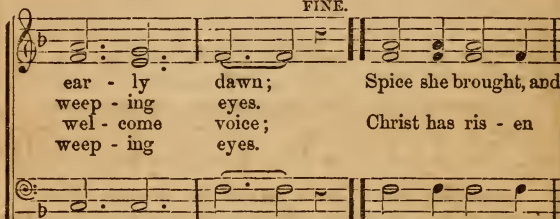
2. Better than gold is the water cold
From the crystal fountain flowing,
A calm delight, both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing. *Chorus.*—Oh, then, &c.
3. Sorrow has fled from the hearts that bled,
Of the weeping wife and mother,
They have given up the poisoned cup,
Son, husband, father, brother. *Chorus.*—Oh, then, &c.

MARSH.

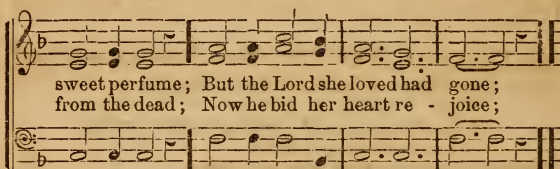


1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hast-ed at the
D. C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her
 2. But her sor - rows quick - ly fled, When she heard his
D. C. Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your

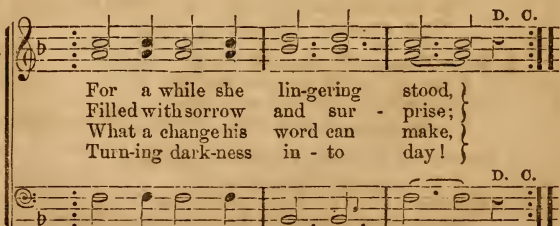
FINE.



ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought, and
 weep - ing eyes.
 wel - come voice; Christ has ris - en
 weep - ing eyes.

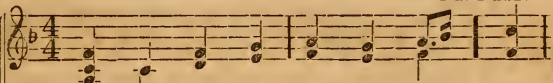


sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone;
 from the dead; Now he bid her heart re - joice;



For a while she lin - gering stood, }
 Filled with sorrow and sur - prise; }
 What a change his word can make, }
 Turn - ing dark - ness in - to day! }

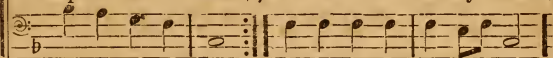
D. C.



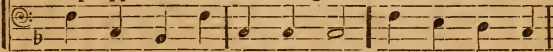
1. { Rise, my soul! and stretch thy wings, Thy
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Toward
2. { Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor
Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun— Both
3. { Cease, ye pil - grims! cease to mourn, Press
Soon the Sa - viour will re - turn, Tri-



bet-ter por-tion trace! }
 heaven, thy native place; } Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 stay in all their course; }
 speed them to their source; } So a soul, that's born of God,
 on-ward to the prize; }
 - umph-ant in the skies; } Yet a sea-son—and you know,

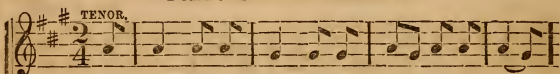


Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul! and
 Pants to view his glo-rious face; Up-ward tends to
 Hap - py en-trance will be given; All our sor-rows

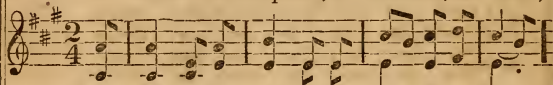


haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove.
 his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.
 left be - low, And earth ex-changed for heaven.

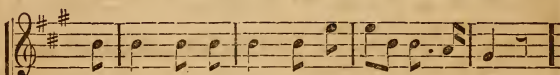




1. The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian, and Guide,



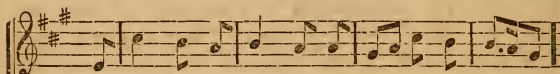
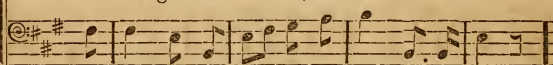
2. The Lord is our Shepherd, what then shall we fear?



What-ev - er we want he will kindly pro-vide,



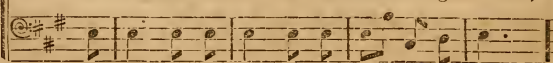
What danger can move us, while Je-sus is near?



To sheep of his pas-ture his * mer-cies a - bound,



Not when the time calls us to walk through the vale,



His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round,
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail,

His care and pro-tec-tion his flock will sur-round.
Of the shad-ow of death, shall our hearts ev-er fail.

3.

Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay,
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4.

The Lord has become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long ;
His name we will praise while he lends us our breath,
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death.

1. The ro - sy light is dawn - ing Up-

2. The land - scape, late - ly shroud - ed By

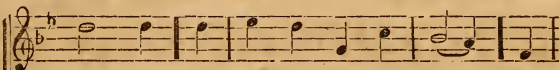
- - on the mountain's brow ; It is the Sabbath morning—

eve-ning's paler ray, Smiles, beauteous and unclouded,

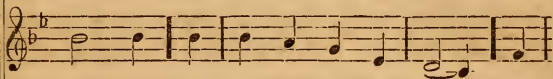
A - rise and pay thy vow ; Lift up thy voice to

Be - fore the eye of day , So let our souls, b -

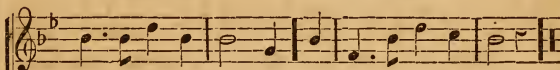
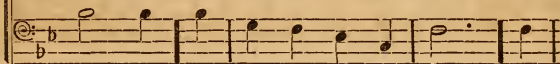
THE ROSY LIGHT IS DAWNING. Concluded. 115



hea - ven, In sa - cred praise and prayer, While



night - ed Too long in fol - ly's shade, By



un - to thee is giv - en The light of life to share.



thy kind smiles be light-ed To joys that nev-er fade.



3.

O see those waters, streaming
In crystal purity ;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye !
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

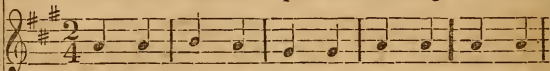
116 ' WELCOME, WELCOME, QUIET MORNING.' 7s.

ENGLISH MELODY.

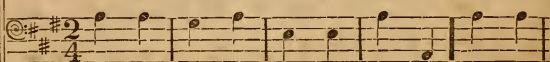
Words by Mrs. HALE.



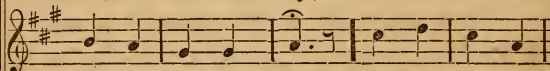
1. Wel-come, wel-come, qui - et morn-ing; I've no



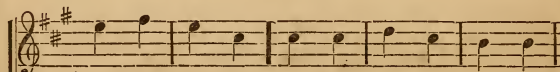
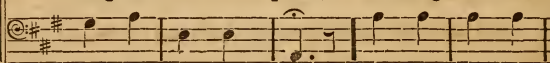
2. Let me think how time is glid-ing; Soon the



task, no toil to - day; Now the Sab-bath



long-est life de - parts; No-thing hu - man

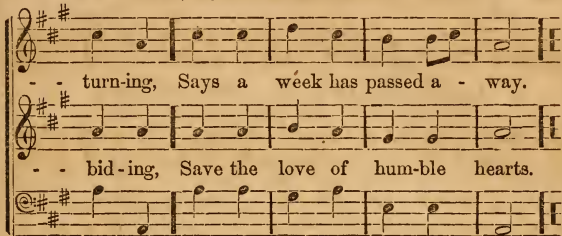


morn re - turn-ing, Now the Sab-bath morn re -



is a - bid-ing, No-thing hu - man is a -





- - turn-ing, Says a wéek has passed a - way.
- - bid-ing, Save the love of hum-ble hearts.

3.

Love to God and to our neighbor
Makes our purest happiness ;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

4.

Swift my childhood's dreams are passing,
Like the startled doves that fly ;
Or bright clouds each other chasing
Over yonder quiet sky.

5.

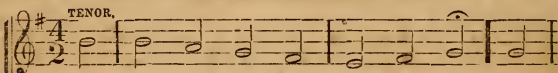
Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story,
Soon its visions will be mine ;
Shall I covet wealth and glory ?
Shall I bow at pleasure's shrine ?

6.

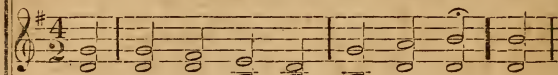
No, my God, one prayer I raise thee
From my young and happy heart ;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart.

7.

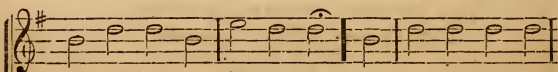
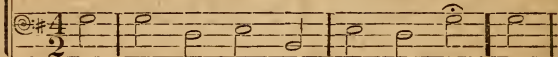
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realms will rise before me,
There my treasure will be laid.



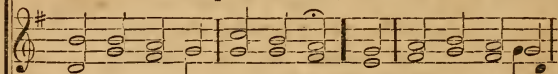
1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let



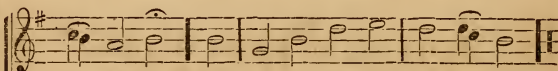
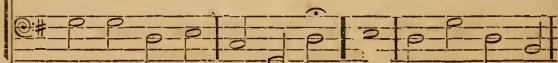
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E-



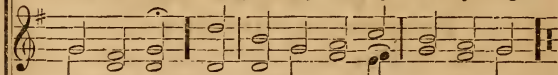
the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem-er's



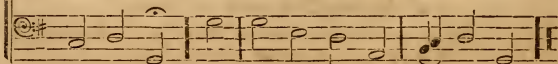
- ternal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from



name be sung, Through every land, by ev - ery tongue.



shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



TENDERLY.
TENOR.

W. B. B.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet, To be for

3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a

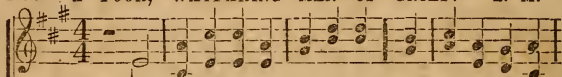
ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and undisturbed re-
such a slumber meet! With holy con - fi-dence to

is supremely blest; No fear, no wo shall dim that
bliss - ful ref-uge be; Securely shall my ash-es

- - pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
sing, That death hath lost his ven - omed sting.

hour, That man-i - fests the Sa - viour's power.
lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.

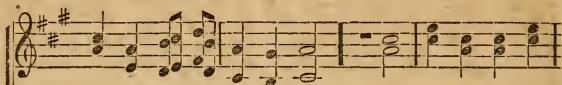
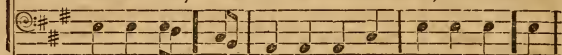
120 "A POOR, WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF." L. M.



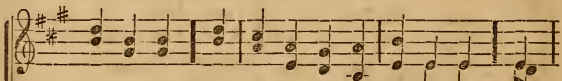
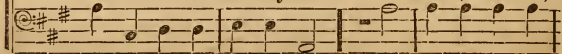
1. A poor, wayfaring man of grief, Hath often crossed me
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread, He entered ; not a
3. I spied him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock ; his
4. 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew A wintry hurri-



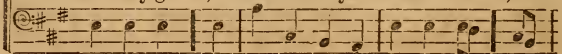
on my way, Who sued so humbly for re-lief, That
word he spake ; Just per-ish-ing for want of bread, I
strength was gone ; The heedless water mocked his thirst ; He
- - cane a - loof ; I heard his voice abroad, and flew To



I could nev-er an-swer Nay.	I had not power to
gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,	And ate, but gave me
heard it, saw it hurrying on.	I ran and raised the
bid him welcome to my roof.	I warmed, I clothed, I



ask his name, Whither he went, or whence he came ; Yet
part a-gain. Mine was an an-gel's por-tion then ; And
sufferer up ; Thrice from the stream he drained my cup ; Dipped,
cheered my guest ; Laid him on my own couch to rest ; Then



"A POOR, WAYFARING MAN OF GRIEF." Concluded. 121



there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.
 while I fed with eager haste, The crust was manna to my taste.
 and returned it running o'er ; I drank and never thirsted more.

made the earth my bed, and seemed In Eden's garden while I [dreamed.



5.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
 I had, myself, a wound concealed ;
 But from that hour, forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6.

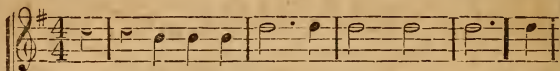
In prison I saw him next condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked me if I for him would die ;
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, " I will ! "

7.

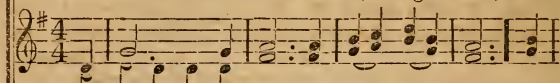
Then, in a moment, to my view
 The stranger started from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew ;
 My Saviour stood before my eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name he named ;
 " Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not ; thou didst it unto me . "

SPIRITED.

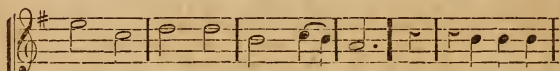
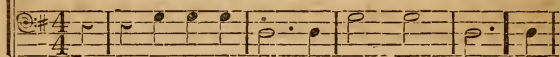
W. B. B.



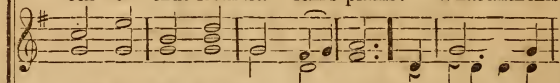
1. What are those soul-re - viv - ing strains, Which



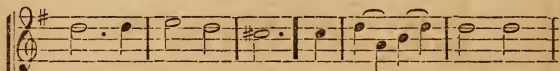
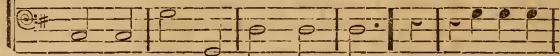
1. What are those soul-re - viv - ing strains, Which



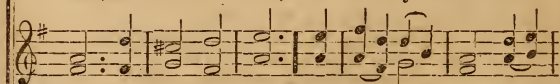
ech - o thus from Sa - lem's plains? What anthems



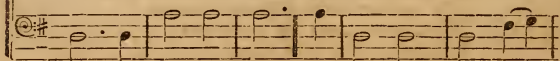
ech - o thus from Sa - lem's plains? What an - thems



loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from



loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from



Zi-on's hill? So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill?

Zi-on's hill? So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill?

2.

Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
 Hosanna to the King of kings;
 The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
 Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3.

Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 For we will join this song of praise;
 Still Israel's children forward press,
 To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4.

Messiah's name shall joy impart
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
 He bled for us, he bled for you,
 And we will sing hosanna too.

5.

Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;
 See David's Son and Lord appear!
 All praise on earth to him be given,
 And glory shout through highest heaven.

1. Happy is he whose cau-tious feet Shun the broad

2. He loves t'employ his morn-ing light Among the

3. He, like a plant by gen-tle streams, Shall flourish

way that sin-ners go; Who hates the place where

stat-utes of the Lord; And spends the wakeful

in im-mor-tal green; And Heaven will shine with

a-theists meet, And fears to talk as scoffers do.

hours of night, Pleased with the wonders of his word.

mild-est beams On ev-ery work his hands be-gin.

1. By cool Si-lo - am's shad-y rill, How

2. Lo, such the child, whose ear - ly feet The

fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, be-

paths of peace have trod; Whose se-cret heart by

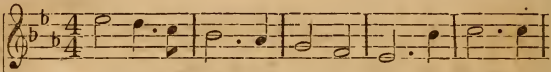
- neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose!

influencesweet, Is up-ward drawn to God!

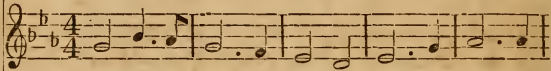
JOY TO THE WORLD! C. M.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

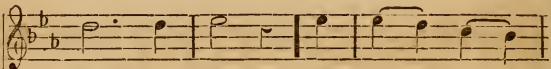
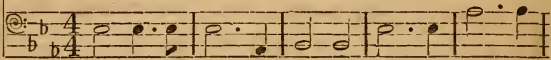
ARRANGED FROM HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re-



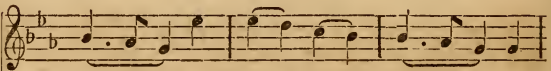
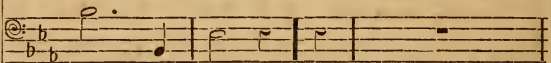
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns; Let men their



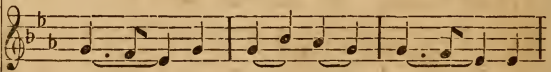
- - ceive her King, Let ev - ery



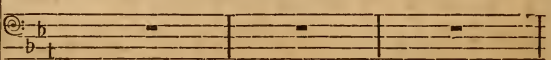
songs em - ploy; While fields and



heart pre - pare him room, And



floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re



JOY TO THE WORLD! Concluded. 127

heaven and na - ture sing, And
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -

And heaven and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing

heaven and na - ture sing, And
 - - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -

sing, And heaven and na - ture
 joy, Re - peat the sound - ing

heaven, And heaven, and na - ture sing.
 - - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

ALLEGRO

W. B. B.

TENOR.

1. I love to steal a-while away From every cumbering care,
 2. I love in sol-i - tude to shed The pen-i - ten-tial tear,

And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.
 And all his promises to plead, When none but God is near.

3.

I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.

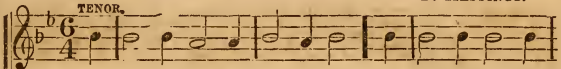
4.

I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

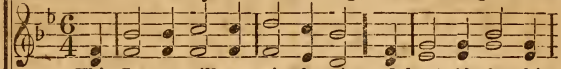
5.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

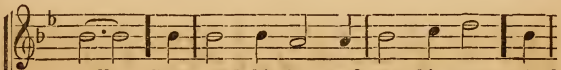
TENOR.



1. Come, children, hail the Prince of peace, O - bey the Saviour's
2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring; Ye children, great and



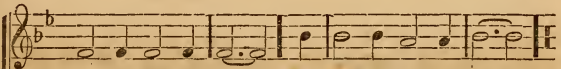
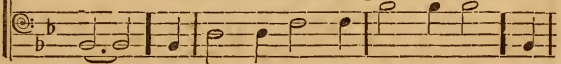
3. This Je - sus will your sins for-give; O, haste! before him
4. All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace, Let saints before him



call; Come, seek his face, and taste his grace, And
small, Ho - san - na sing to Christ your King; O



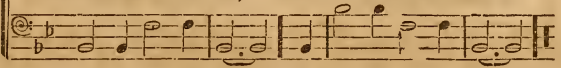
fall; For you he died, that you might live To
fall; Let sin - ners seek his pardoning grace, And



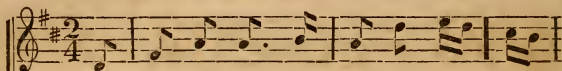
crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, O crown him Lord of all.



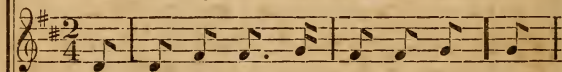
crown him Lord of all, To crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.



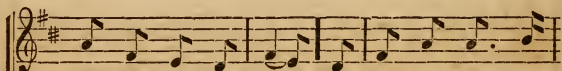
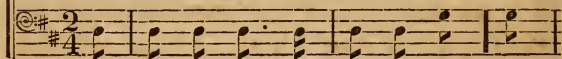
130 "OUR SOULS BY LOVE." C. M. Double.



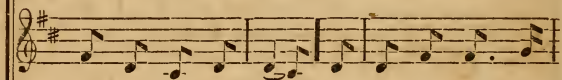
1. Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce-



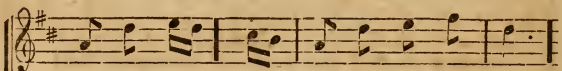
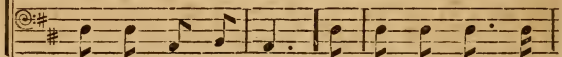
3. A rill, a stream, a tor - rent flows! But



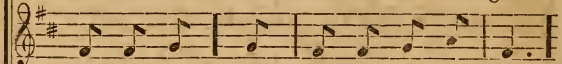
1. - ment-ed, mixed in one, One hope, one heart, one



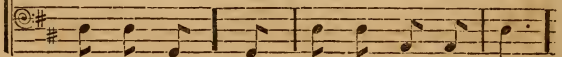
3. pour a might-y flood; O, sweep the na - tions,



1. mind, one voice, 'Tis heaven on earth be - gun.



3. shake the earth, Till all pro-claim thee God.



2. Our hearts have burned while Je - sus spake, And

4. And when thou mak'st thy jew - els up, And

5. May we, a lit - tle band of love, We

2. glowed with sa - cred fire; He stopped, and talked, and

4. sett'st thy star - ry crown; When all thy spark - ling

5. sin - ners, saved by grace, From glo - ry un - to

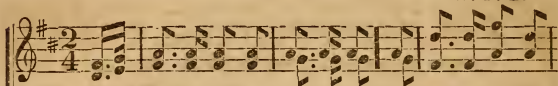
2. fed, and blest, And filled th' enlarged de - sire.

4. gems shall shine, Pro - claimed by thee thine own,

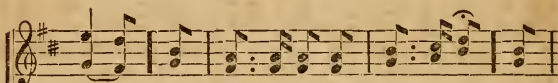
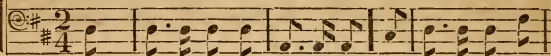
5. glo - ry changed, Be - hold thee face to face.

"THERE'S NOT A TINT." C. M.

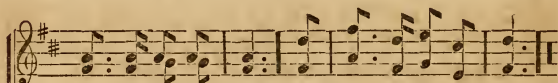
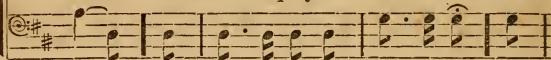
W. B. B.



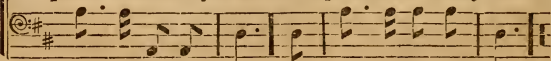
1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily
2. There's not of grass a sin-gle blade, Or leaf of loveliest
3. There's not a star whose twinkling light Shines on the distant
4. There's not a place on earth's vast round, In ocean's deep, or
5. A-round, be-neath, be-low, a-bove, Wherever space ex-



fair, Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But
 green, Where heavenly skill is not displayed, And
 earth, And cheers the silent gloom of night, But
 air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For
 - - tends, There God displays his boundless love, And



God has placed it there, But God has placed it there.
 heavenly wis-dom seen, And heavenly wisdom seen.
 Heav-en gave it birth, But Heav-en gave it birth.
 God is ev-ery where, For God is ev-ery where.
 power with mercy blends, And power with mercy blends.

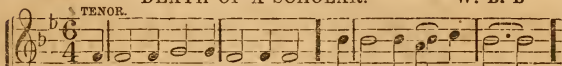


"WE LAY THEE IN THE SILENT TOMB." C. M. 133

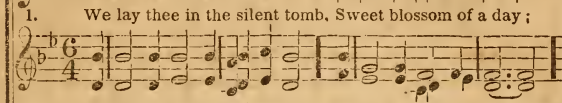
DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

W. B. B

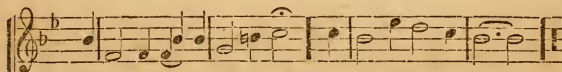
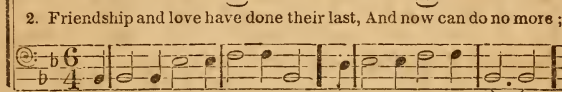
TENOR.



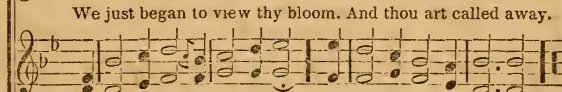
1. We lay thee in the silent tomb, Sweet blossom of a day ;



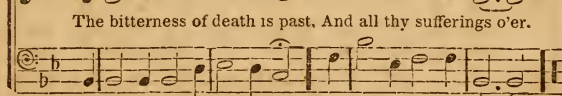
2. Friendship and love have done their last, And now can do no more ;



We just began to view thy bloom. And thou art called away.



The bitterness of death is past, And all thy sufferings o'er.



3.

Thy gentle spirit passed away
'Mid pain the most severe ;
So great we could not wish thy stay
A moment longer here.

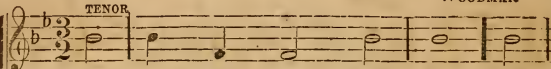
4.

Thou minglest now in that bright throng
Around the eternal throne,
And join'st the everlasting song
With those before thee gone.

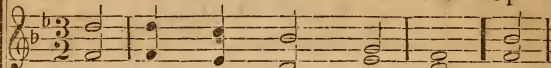
5.

O, who could wish thy longer stay
In such a world as this,
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,
And pure, undying bliss?


TENOR




1. How sweet the melt - ing lay, Which
2. The breez - es waft their cries Up




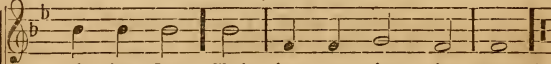
3. So Je - sus rose to pray, Be-
4. Glo - ry to God on high, Who

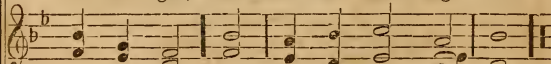
breaks up - on the ear, When, at the hour of
to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their



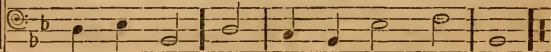
- - fore the morn - ing light; Once on the chill - ing
sends his bless - ing down To res - cue souls con -

ris - ing day, Chris - tians u - nite in prayer!
hum - ble sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.



mount did stay, And wres - tle all the night.
- demned to die, And make his peo - ple one.

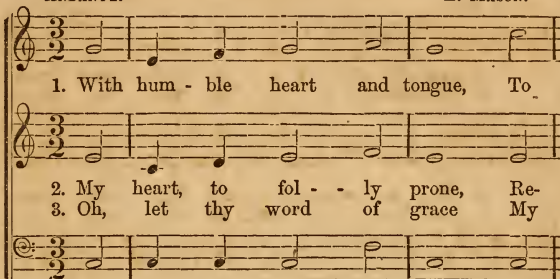


BOYLSTON. S. M.

135

ANDANTE.

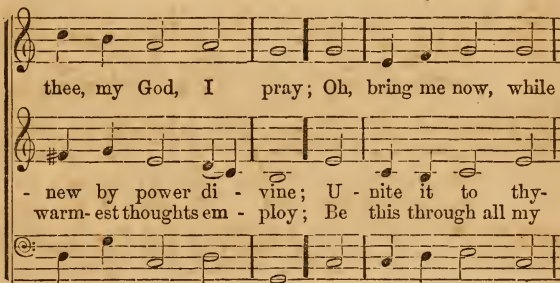
L. MASON.



1. With hum - ble heart and tongue, To

2. My heart, to fol - - ly prone, Re-

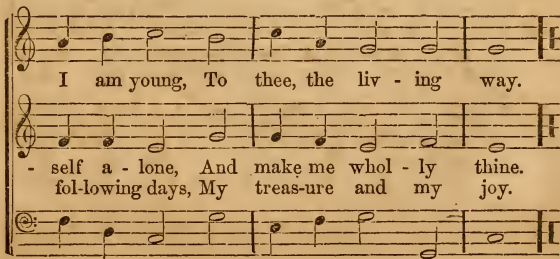
3. Oh, let thy word of grace My



thee, my God, I pray; Oh, bring me now, while

- new by power di - vine; U - nite it to thy-

warm-est thoughts em - ploy; Be this through all my




I am young, To thee, the liv - ing way.

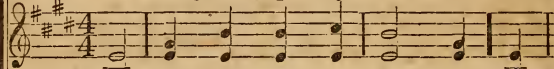
- self a - lone, And make me whol - ly thine.

fol - lowing days, My treas - ure and my joy.

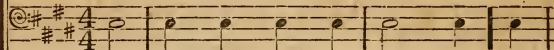
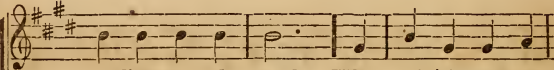
TENOR.



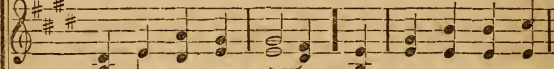
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From
2. What though the spi - cy bree - zes Blow



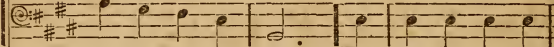
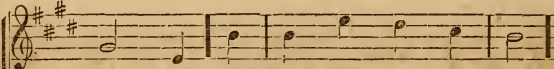
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With
4. Waft, waft, ye winds! his sto - ry, And


In-dia's co - ral strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny
soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Though every pros-pect




wis-dom from on high— Shall we, to men be-
you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

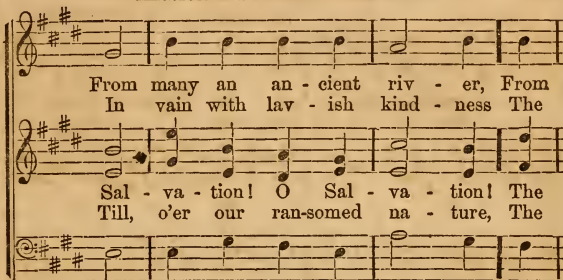



foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?



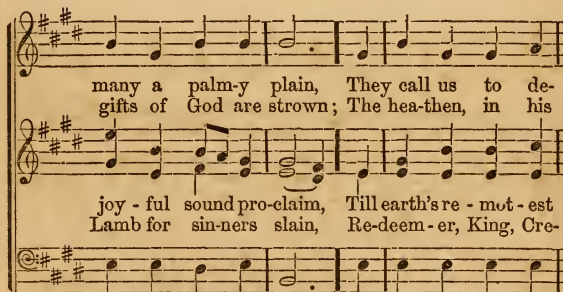
- - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;





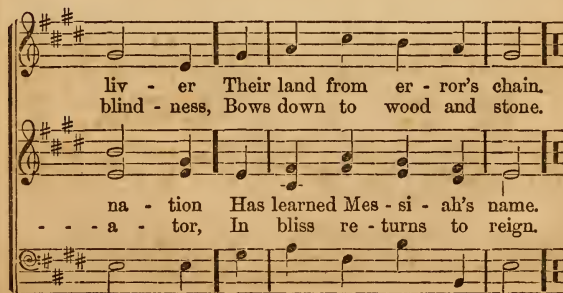
From many an an - cient riv - er, From
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The

Sal - va - tion! O Sal - va - tion! The
Till, o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The



many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-
gifts of God are strown; The hea-then, in his

joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re - mot - est
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re-deem - er, King, Cre -



liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
- - - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

138 THE LITTLE BOY'S SONG TO HIS MOTHER.

Solo.

Arranged from a Popular Melody.

1. How sweetly does the time fly, When to please my
 2. Hap - py may my mother be, Ev - er - more from

mo - ther, I With all my heart and strength try, For
 sor - row free; Welcome news 'twill be to me, For

love says so. My heart it feels so
 love says so. May blessings be im -

spright - ly, It makes me step so light - ly, When
part - ed To friends like us true - heart - ed, And

I for her do right - ly, What cheerful days I
may we ne'er be part - ed, Where'er thro' life we

CHORUS.*

know. Light may her heart be, her
go. Light may her heart be, her

* This part may be sung first time *forte*, second time *piano*, or vice versa. It may also be sung the first time as a Duett, and repeated in full Chorus. The accompaniment may be played as in the first or Solo-part.

heart be, her heart be, Light may her
heart be, her heart be, Light may her

heart be, for love says so.
heart be, for love says so.

3. Our comforts may not always stay,
But whenever comes the day,
I will chase her griefs away,—
'Tis love says so.
For what can be more cheering,
The voice of love while hearing,
With tokens most enduring,
That hearts of love bestow.

CHORUS. ||: Light may her heart be, :|| &c.

4. To comfort her I'll ever try,
Then let all earthly comforts fly,—
Will look to a dear friend on high,
Who loves us so.
This blessing, if imparted
To friends like us true-hearted,
We never can be parted,—
What joyful news to knew!

CHORUS. ||: Light shall our hearts be, :||
While love says so.

SUMMER'S DAY. C. M. D.

142

TENOR.

1. This life is but a summer's day Of shadows and of light,
Its brightest sunbeams pass away, And soon give place to night,

2. But life eternal, who can tell How long it shall endure?
The righteous shall forever dwell In mansions bright and pure.

3. This life is given us to prepare For that which is to come;
O may I gain admittance there, And find a heav'nly home.

Fair childhood is the early dawn, And youth the morning gay; Man-
The hours of childhood and of youth, Of manhood and of age, Should

And will the Lord my sins forgive Thro' his redeeming love, And

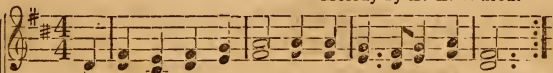
hood's the noon so quickly gone, And age the eve - ning ray.
in the love of sacred truth The in - most soul en - gage.

bid me to his glo - ry live, And write my name a - bove?

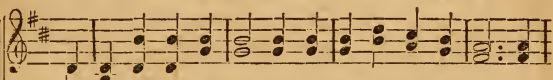
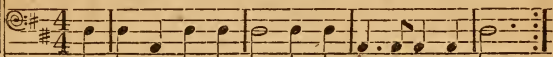
"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

143

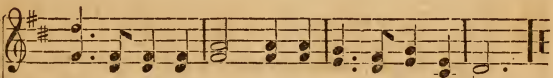
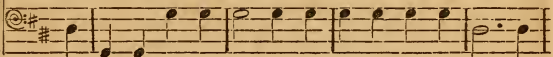
Melody by E. L. WHITE.



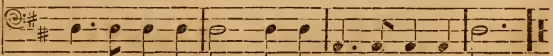
1. { I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand, }
 { A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand; }
2. { I ne-ver would be wea-ry, Nor ever shed a tear, }
 { Nor e-ver know a sor-row, Nor ever feel a fear; }
3. { -I know I'm weak and sinful, But Jesus will forgive, }
 { For ma-n-y little children Have gone to heav'n to live. }
4. { Oh, there I'll be an angel, And with the angels stand, }
 { A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand; }

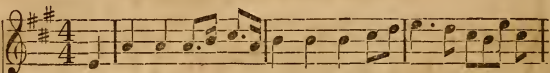


There, right before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd
 But blessed, pure, and holy, I'd dwell in Jesus' sight, And
 Dear Saviour, when I languish, And lay me down to die, O!
 And there, before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'll

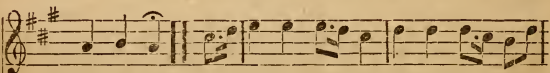


wake the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.
 with ten thousand thousands, Praise him both day and night.
 send a shin-ing an - gel, And bear me to the skies.
 join the heavenly music, And praise him day and night.

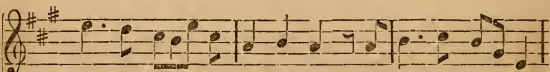




1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Re-
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not with-
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, &
4. Of - ten I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Je - sus
5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal
6. Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of

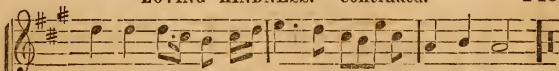


deemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His standing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate, His thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His to de - part; But though I have him oft forgot, His powers must fail; Oh, may my last expiring breath His end - less day, And sing with rapture and surprise, His

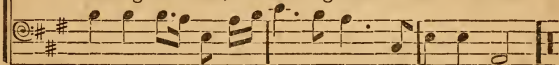


lov - ing - kindness, Oh, how free! His lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, Oh, how great! His loving - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, Oh, how good! His loving - kindness, lov - ing - kindness changes not. His lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness sing in death. His lov - ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness in the skies. His lov - ing - kindness,






lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, Oh, how free!
 lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, Oh, how great!
 lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, Oh, how good!
 lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness changes not.
 lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness sing in death.
 lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness in the skies.



“SING HIS PRAISE.”

L. MASON.

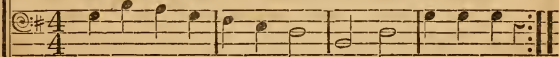
FINE.



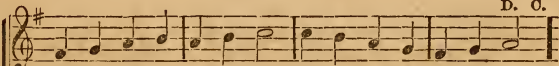
1. { Would you be as an-gels are? Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 { Would you banish every care? Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 d. c. Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, &c.

2. { If the world upon you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 { If you're left to sing a-lone, Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 d. c. For that they are blessings too, Sing, &c.


3. { For his wondrous, dying love, Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 { That he in-ter-cedes above, Sing, sing, sing his praise. }
 d. c. And, with angel choirs on high, Sing, &c.

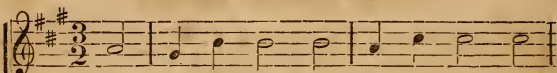


D. C.

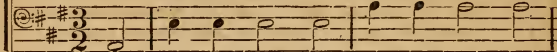
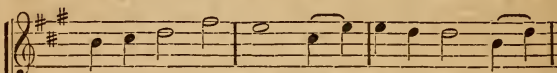


Like the lark upon the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring,
 If sad trials come to you, As to every one they do,
 Thus, whene'er you come to die, You will soar beyond the sky,

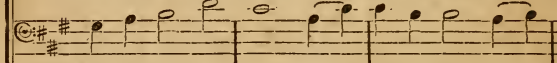
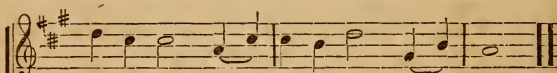




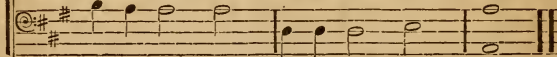
1. The Sun-day-school, that bles-sed place, Oh,
 2. 'Tis there I learned that Je-sus died For
 3. Then let our grate-ful tri-bute rise, And
 4. And wel-come then the Sun-day school, We'll

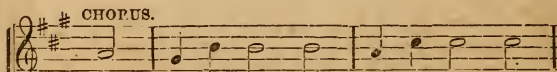
I would ra-ther stay With-in its walls, a
 sin-ners such as I; Oh! what has all the
 songs of praise be given To Him who dwells a -
 read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the

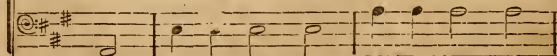
child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
 world be-side, That I should prize so high.
 -bove the skies, For such a bles-sing given.
 gold-en rule And nev-er from it stray.



CHORUS.



The Sun-day-school, the Sun-day-school, Oh!



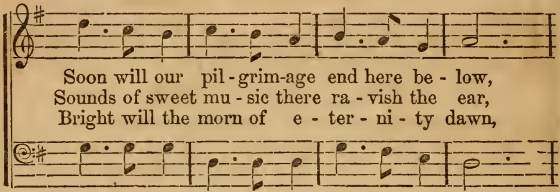
'tis the place I love, For there I learn the

gold-en rule, Which leads to joys a - bove.

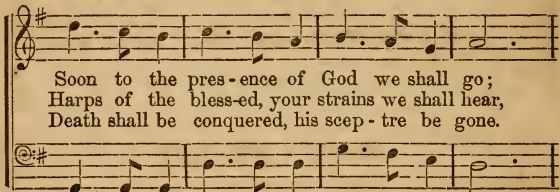
JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move,
Je - sus, our Sa - viour, in mer - cy says, come,
2. { Teachers and scholars have passed on be - fore,
Sing - ing to cheer us, while pas - sing a - long,
3. { Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Je - sus hath bro - ken the bars of the tomb,

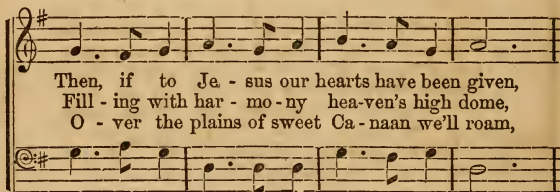
Bound to the land of bright spi - rits a - bove. }
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home. }
 Wait - ing, they watch us ap - proach - ing the shore, }
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to your home. }
 Safe in our Sa - viour, we fear not the blow; }
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will we go home. }



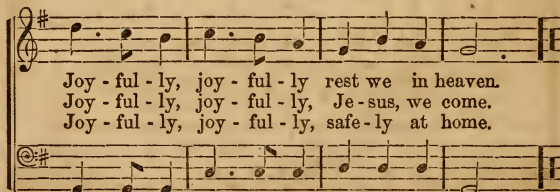
Soon will our pil-grim-age end here be - low,
 Sounds of sweet mu - sic there ra - vish the ear,
 Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn,



Soon to the pres-ence of God we shall go;
 Harps of the bless-ed, your strains we shall hear,
 Death shall be conquered, his scep - tre be gone.

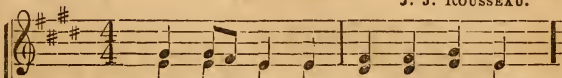


Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given,
 Fill - ing with har - mo - ny hea - ven's high dome,
 O - ver the plains of sweet Ca - naan we'll roam,

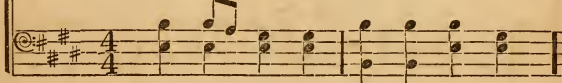


Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest we in heaven.
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, Je - sus, we come.
 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing ;
 D. C. Oh, re - fresh us, O re - fresh us,
 2. Thanks we give, and a - do - ra - tion,
 D. C. May thy pre - sence, may thy pre - sence
 3. Then, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en,
 D. C. May we ev - er, may we ev - er



FINE.




Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; Let us, each thy
 Trav - ling thro' this wilder - ness.
 For thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound ; May the fruits of
 With us ev - er - more be found.
 Us from earth to call a - way, Borne on an - gels'
 Reign with Christ in end - less day.

FINE.




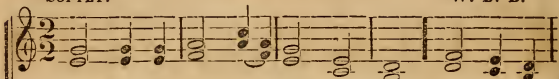
D. C.



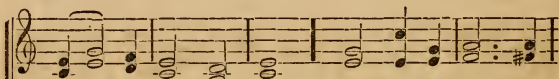
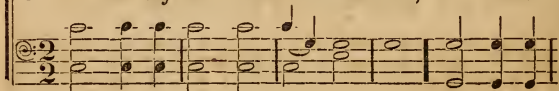
love pos - sessed, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace ;
 thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound
 wings to hea - ven, Glad the summons to o - bey -

D. C.

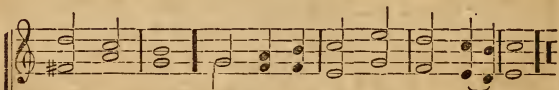
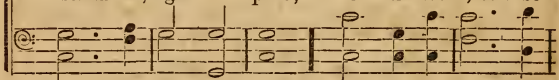




1. Great Saviour, who didst con - de - scend Young children
2. 'Tis by the guid - ance of thy hand That they with -
3. Like precious seed, in fruit - ful ground, Let the in -
4. Give them a so - ber, stea - dy mind, Strength to with -
5. To read thy Word their hearts in - cline; To un - der -



in thine arms to take, Still prove thyself the
 - in thy house ap - pear, And in thine aw - ful
 - struc - tion they re - ceive To thy im - mor - tal
 - stand the snares of sin, Bold - ly to cast the
 - stand it, light im - part; O Sa - viour, con - se -



children's friend, And save them for thy mer - cy's sake.
 pres - ence stand, To hear thy word, and join in prayer.
 praise a - bound, And make them to thy glo - ry live.
 world be - hind, And strive e - ter - nal life to win.
 - crate them thine, Take full pos - ses - sion of each heart.



CHANT. No. 1.

151

Gregorian.

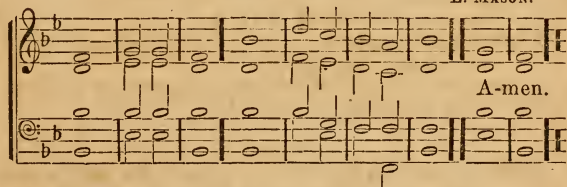


The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ||
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, . . as it | is
in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that |
tres- . . pass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from |
evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-
| ever. | A— | men.

CHANT. No. 2.

L. MASON.



1. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth . . the | poor; ||
The Lord will de- | liver . . him in | time of | trouble. ||
2. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he
shall be blessed up- | on the | earth. ||
And thou wilt not deliver him unto the | will of | his — |
enemies. ||
3. The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of | languishing. ||
Thou wilt make all his | bed in | his — | sickness. ||
4. Blessed is he that con- | sidereth . . the | poor. ||
The Lord will de- | liver . . him in | time of | trouble. ||
A— | men.

A-men.

PROMISES.

Psalms 103 : 17, 18.

1. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting,
upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto
| children's | children. ||
2. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember
his com- | mandments. .to | do — | them. ||

Mark 10 : 14.

1. Suffer little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them
| not : ||
For of | such. .is the | kingdom. .of | heaven. ||

Isaiah 44 : 3, 4.

1. I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing up- |
| on thine | offspring : ||
2. And they shall spring up as among the grass, as | willows
..by the | water | courses. ||

Isaiah 40 : 11.

1. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; He shall gather
his lambs with his arms, and carry them | in his | bo-
som, ||
2. And shall gently lead | those that | are with | young. ||

Acts 2 : 30.

1. For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children : ||
2. And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord
our | God shall | call. ||

Prov. 8 : 17.

1. I love them | that love | me, ||
And those that seek me | early. .shall | find — | me. ||

Matt. 11 : 28.

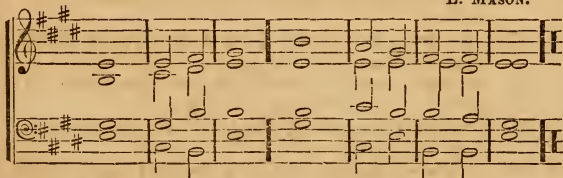
1. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden, ||
2. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
| I will | give you | rest. ||
3. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek
and | lowly. .in | heart: ||
4. And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls. ||
5. For my yoke is easy, and my | burden. .is | light, ||
For my yoke is | easy, . .and my | burden. .is | light. ||

Psalm 51 : 17.

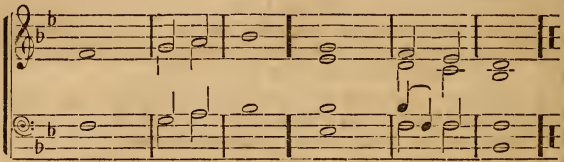
1. The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: ||
A broken and a contrite heart, O | God, thou | wilt not. .
des- | pise. ||

CHANT. No. 2.

L. MASON.



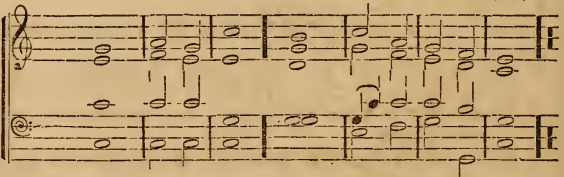
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I | shall not | want, ||
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth
me be- | side the | still — | waters. ||
2. He res- | toreth. .my | soul; ||
And leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his |
name — | sake. ||
3. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of
Death, I will | fear no | evil, ||
For thou art with me, thy rod and thy | staff they | com-
fort | me. ||
4. Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence | of
mine | enemies; ||
Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup — | runneth |
| over. ||
5. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days
of. .my | life, ||
And I will dwell in the | house. .of the | Lord for- | ever.

*Psalm 121.*

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | com
eth. .my | help.
2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven. .and
| earth. ||
3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth
thee | will not | slumber.
4. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall not | slumber. .nor |
sleep. ||
5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy |
right — | hand.
6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by |
night. ||
7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- |
serve thy | soul.
8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
from this time forth, and even forevermore. | A—| men.

CHANT. No. 6.

W. B. BRADBURY.



*Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give
you rest.—Matt. 11 : 28.*

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."

- 2 I; tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the | bidding, | “Come to | me.”
3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
When a faint chill steals o’er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | “Come to | me.”
4. Come, for all else must fail and die.
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | “Come to | me.”
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | “Come to | me.”

CHANT. No. 7.



1. “Thy will be | done!” || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
“Thy will be | done.” ||
2. “Thy will be | done!” || if o’er us shine
A gladd’ning and a | prosp’rous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
“Thy will be | done.” ||
3. “Thy will be | done!” || though shrouded o’er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
“Thy will be | done.” ||

Close by repeating to the first two measures, “Thy will be done.”

ADDITIONAL HYMNS AND SONGS.

OUR FATHER LAND.

TUNE.—*This World is not so bad.* [p. 72.]

1. Come one and all, around me stand ;
Come join in swelling chorus,
And praise our goodly native land—
Our father-land that bore us.
Old Ocean bore from Mammon's marts
The plant of freedom hither :
It blossoms yet, and glads our hearts,
And we'll not let it wither.
2. Where now we stand, our fathers stood ;
Firm men were they—true hearted.
Say, lives there now a race so good,
Or have they all departed?
From zeal for freedom, and for God,
No charm of wealth could win them ;
O'er ocean tost, these wilds they trod—
They carried home within them.
3. They cared not to be here renowned,
Cared not for fame and glory ;
But persecution on them frowned,
And made them great in story.
Then join in heart, and join in hand,
To raise a swelling chorus ;
And praise our goodly native land—
Our father-land that bore us.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

157

TUNE.—*Get rid of bad Guests.* [p 80.]

1. My days of youth tho' not from folly free,
I prize the truth, the more the world I see.
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead where'er it
may,
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.
2. My footsteps lead, O truth, and mould my will,
In word and deed my duty to fulfill:
Dishonest arts, and selfish aims, to truth can ne'er belong,
No deed of mine shall be a deed of wrong.
3. The strength of youth, we see it soon decay,
But strong is truth, and stronger every day:
Though falsehood seem a mighty power, which we in vain
assail,
The power of truth will in the end prevail.
4. My days of youth though not from folly free,
I prize the truth, the more the world I see,
I'll keep the straight and narrow path, and lead where'er it
may,
The voice of truth I'll follow and obey.



GOD'S BLESSING ASKED.

TUNE.—*Brown.* [p. 128.]

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still:
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.
2. O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
3. Conduct my footsteps to thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
4. Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

THE BLEST ONES AT HOME.

TUNE.—*Old Folks at Home.*

1. Away on the banks of life's bright river;
Far, Far, away—
There will my heart be turning ever,
There's where the blest ones stay;
All through this vale of sin and sorrow,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,
And for the blest ones at home.
All without is dark and dreary,
Every where I roam,
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Sighing for the blest ones at home.
2. Though all earth's sunny scenes I wandered
In youth's gay morn;
How many precious hours I've squandered,
How many mercies scorned:
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,
Wretched was I;
But now my heart has found a treasure,
There with the blest ones on high.
All without is dark, &c.
3. One hour there is for ever bringing
Memories of love;
'Twas when my sighs were changed to singing
Of the blest ones above;
When shall I see my Saviour reigning
On his white throne?
When will be hushed my heart's complaining,
There with the blest ones at home?
All till then is dark and dreary,
Every where I roam,
O, brothers, how the heart grows weary,
Longing for the blest ones at home.



THE SABBATH.

TUNE.—*Portuguese Hymn.* [p. 112.]

1. How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;
The day of the week which I surely love best;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2. Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
4. Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.



LOVELY ZION.

TUNE.—*Lilly Dale.*

1. Zion! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are,
And thy towers majestic stand !
City of our God, now our blest abode
In this free and happy land.

CHORUS.
O Zion, dear Zion, lovely and fair,
Now arise and shine, for thy light has come,
In thy beautiful robes appear.
2. Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound !
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands
For the Word which you have found.
Chorus—O Zion, dear Zion, &c.
3. Let the Word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the east and west with the rays are blest
Of the bright and morning star.
Chorus—O Zion, dear Zion, &c.
4. Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran,
And all nations join in the song divine—
Peace on earth, good will to man.
Chorus—O Zion, dear Zion, &c.

PRAISE FOR REDEMPTION.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.* [p. 54.]

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

TUNE.—*“Thrice hail, happy day.”* [p. 50.]

1. A knight renowned in fabled story,
A dragon slew in olden time,
And thus embalmed himself in glory—
St. George is famed in every clime.

CHORUS.

No more shall Rum our sons devour!
We'll crush the monster's deadly power;
Down with the license law!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

2. There is a dragon in this region,
Fiercer than fable ever knew;
This monster foul destroys a legion,
Where he of old one victim slew.
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.
3. He slays our fathers, sons, and brothers,
If they but feel his poisonous breath;
And on our sisters, wives, and mothers,
Inflicts a keener pang than death.
Chorus—No more shall rum, &c.

4. He laughs at all our legislation,
Of which he's had a wondrous share,
And faster drives his occupation
Beneath the statute's fostering care.
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.
5. Our gentle chiding has amused him,
Still more the smoke of wrathful flame;
Whether we scolded, coaxed, abused him,
'Twas always very much the same.
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.
6. No dungeon's portals e'er confined him;
He'll break the strongest bolts and chains;
You cannot hold him; if you bind him,
You get your labor for your pains.
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.
7. Now shall the monster's life be ended:
Adown our streets his blood shall flow;
By truth, by right, by God defended,
Like old St. George, we'll strike the blow!
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.
8. We'll rally for the homes we cherish,
Our flag above us floating high,
Maintain our cause, "survive or perish,
Or sink or swim, or live or die."
Chorus—No more shall Rum, &c.



THE REQUEST.

TUNE.—*Heber.*

[p. 125.]

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—
2. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

TUNE.—*Ortonville.*

[p. 129.]

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
3. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
4. When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
5. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.



THE GREAT CONCERN.

TUNE.—*Brown.*

[p. 128.]

1. Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
2. Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
Or for an early tomb.
3. O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
4. Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

COLD WATER ARMY.

163

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

- 1 With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong,
To fight against the hosts of Rum,
And this shall be our song :

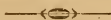
CHORUS.

We love the clear cold water springs,
Supplied by gentle showers ;
We feel the strength cold water brings,—
The victory is ours.

2. "Cold Water Army" is our name,
O may we faithful be,
And so in truth and justice claim
The blessings of *the free* :
Chorus.—We love the clear cold, &c.

3. Though others love their rum and wine,
And drink till they are mad,
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad :
Chorus.—We love the clear cold, &c.

4. I pledge to thee this hand of mine,
In faith and friendship strong ;
And fellow soldiers, we will join
The chorus of our song :
Chorus.—We love the clear cold, &c.



HOW SHALL THE YOUNG ?

TUNE.—*Heber.*

[p. 125.]

1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules impart
To keep the conscience clean.
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
3. Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

TUNE.—*Angry Words.*

[p. 82.]

1. Have you read the wond'rous story,
Of the Saviour's life and death;
How he left his throne of glory,
And for us resigned his breath?
2. May a helpless child come near him
And his tender pity crave?
Will he notice those who fear him?
Will he such a sinner save?
3. Yes; for with compassion beaming
From his kind and tender eye,
While with love his words are teeming,
Hear this blessed Saviour cry:—
4. "Come and welcome, 'tis my pleasure
Little children to receive;
Those who seek me find a treasure,
Which this world can never give."
5. Lord, I come, and would surrender
All I am and have to thee;
While I cry, "What shall I render
To the Lord for calling me?"



THERE IS A GOD.

TUNE.—*Zephyr.*

[p 15(]

1. There is a God who reigns above,
The Lord of heaven, and earth, and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
2. There is a law which he hath made,
To teach us all what we must do;
And his commands must be obeyed,
For they are holy, just, and true.
3. There is an hour when I must die;
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
Thousands of children young as I
Are called by death to hear their doom.
4. Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

TUNE.—*Heber.*

[p. 125.]

1. In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
4. Oh! wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
And fill me with thy love.



TRUTH.

TUNE.—“*Our souls by love.*”

[p. 130.]

1. Be sacred truth, my son, thy guide
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
2. Then shall thy heart be free and light
As birds in sunny spring;
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than robin's when they sing.
3. For O, no joy shall that man know,
Who bears a guilty breast;
His conscience drives him to and fro,
And will not let him rest.
4. O, then be sacred truth thy guide
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.

SABBATH EMPLOYMENTS.

TUNE.—*Hamburg.* [p. 122.]

1. Sweet is thy work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound!
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
4. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.



PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.

TUNE.—*Greenville.* [p. 149.]

1. Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day,
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May our sins be turned away.
2. We have wandered; O, forgive us;
We have wished from truth to rove;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.
3. We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.
4. For his sake, O God, forgive us;
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

A LITTLE WORD.

167

TUNE.—*Brown.*

[p. 128.]

1. A little word in love expressed,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart depressed,
And made a friend sincere.
2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.
3. Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak ;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

[p. 54]

1. Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
2. In peace with all the world we'll live,
Nor let our passions burn ;
But when we suffer we'll forgive,
And good for ill return.
Yes, we'll forgive, and we'll forget,
And hush each angry word ;
Unkindness shall with love be met,
And ill o'ercome with good.
3. It is not pride, it is not strife,
Nor bitter thoughts or deeds,
Which gild with joy the days of life,
For strife to sorrow leads ;
Then love shall triumph! love alone
Within our hearts shall reign,
Our foes, subdued, its power shall own,
And we'll be friends again.

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN.

TUNE.—*The Widow's Pious Son.* [p. 72.]

1. Jerusalem my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold.
2. O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
3. Why should I shrink at pain or wo?
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joy shall see.



PRECIOUSNESS OF THE BIBLE.

TUNE.—*Heber.* [p. 125.]

1. How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
 To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

PRAYER IN SCHOOL.

169

TUNE.—*Old Hundred.*

[p. 118.]

1. Assembled in our school once more,
O Lord, thy blessing we implore ;
We meet to read, and sing, and pray,
Be with us thou through this thy day.
2. Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends ;
And when we in thy house appear,
O may we worship in thy fear.
3. When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar ;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
When one eternal Sabbath reigns.



CHURCH IN AFFLICTION.

TUNE.—*Home, Sweet Home.*

[p. 107.]

1. O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save ;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
2. Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends ;
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.
3. ' O fearful ! O faithless ! ' in mercy he cries ;
' My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
4. ' Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure,
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.



DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GENERAL INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A poor, wayfaring man.....	120	God's Blessing asked.....	157
Additional Hymns.....	156	Going a Maying.....	19
A little word.....	167	Greenville.....	149
All the week we spend.....	62	Gushing so bright.....	108
America.....	69		
Amsterdam.....	111	Hail Columbia.....	66
Ariel.....	90	Hamburg.....	124
Awake, awake.....	68	Happy Meeting.....	74
Away the Bowl.....	21	Hear the Temperance Call..	42
		Heber.....	125
Be good friends.....	46	Home, Sweet Home.....	10
Boylston.....	135	Hosanna.....	122
Brown.....	128	How shall the young.....	173
Burial of a Scholar.....	133	How sweet is the Sabbath...	104
Chant, No. 1.....	151	I love the merry sunshine...	79
Chant, No. 2.....	152	Independence Day.....	29
Chant, No. 3.....	153	In the rosy light.....	101
Chant, No. 4.....	153	I want to be an angel.....	143
Chant, No. 5.....	154		
Chant, No. 6.....	154	Joyfully, joyfully.....	147
Chant, No. 7.....	155	Joy to the world.....	126
Children's Song.....	60	June, lovely June.....	31
China.....	83		
Church in Affliction.....	169	Keep to your work.....	45
Cold Water Army.....	163		
Come, children, join.....	102	Labor makes our pleasures..	27
Confidence in God.....	162	Light and Love.....	54
Contented and happy.....	40	Little Boy's Song.....	138
		Little Things.....	5
Dear father, ere we part....	32	Little Travellers.....	106
Death of a Teacher.....	14	Lovely Zion.....	159
Death of a Scholar.....	98	Love one another.....	167
Diligence.....	24	Loving Kindness.....	144
Doxology.....	169		
Dutiful Children.....	77	Martyn.....	110
		Missionary Hymn.....	136
Evering Song.....	7	My country, 'tis of thee.....	69
		My own native land.....	16
Festive Song.....	44		
		O come, let us sing.....	96
Get rid of bad Guests.....	80	O, how sweet.....	7
Gladly meeting.....	56	Old Hundred.....	118
God is everywhere.....	165	Ortonville.....	129

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Our Father in Heaven	9	The happy Meeting	74
Our Father in Heaven	99	The little Boy's Song	136
Our Father-Land	156	The little Travellers	108
Our souls by love	130	The Love of Truth	157
Parting	32	The One Song	48
Parting Hymn	88	The pleasant Sunday Meeting	39
Patriotic Song	36	The precious Bible	25
Persevere	41	The Request	161
Pic-Nic Festival Song	12	The rosy Light	114
Portuguese Hymn	112	There is a God	164
Praise for Redemption	160	There is a happy land	95
Praise to Jesus	92	There's not a tint	132
Prayer for a Blessing	166	There's nothing sweeter	141
Prayer in School	168	The Sabbath	158
Preciousness of the Bible	169	The Society of Heaven	158
Resolve for the Right	78	The Sufferings of Christ	164
Rest	119	The Summer Days	34
Rockingham	82	The Widow's Pious Son	72
Sabbath Employments	166	The word full of comfort	58
Sabbath Morning	68	The youthful Compact	26
Sad as the music	14	This world is not so bad	22
Skeptic, spare the Bible	6	Thrice hail! happy day	50
Sing his praise	145	Thy Statutes have been	71
Some love to drink	100	Truth	165
Song of Welcome	86	Try again	38
Sparkling and Bright	109	Turn not from sad sorrow	49
State Street	134	Up in the morning	76
St. George and the Dragon	160	Wake the song	103
Summer's Day	142	We're all here in time	55
Sunday School	146	We delight in our school	8
Temperance Call	30	We lay thee in the silent tomb	133
The Bible	64	Welcome to Spring	20
The blest ones at home	154	Welcome, welcome	116
The Child's Desire	94	We'll not give up the Bible	84
The Good and the Kind	70	Wild Wood Flowers	52
The good Rule	28	Will you come to the spring	18
The great Concern	162	Wherewithal shall a young	63
The happy Land	95	Why should cold and stormy	105
		Zephyr	150

INDEX OF METRICAL TUNES.

LONG METRES.

	PAGE.
A poor, wayfaring Man.— (Duane Street).....	120
Hamburg	124
Hosanna.....	122
Old Hundred.....	118
Rest	119
Rockingham	62
Zephyr	150

COMMON METRES.

Brown	128
China.....	83
Heber	125
Independence Day	29
Joy to the World.....	126
Light and Love.—(Auld Lang Syne).....	54
Ortonville.....	129
Our Souls by Love	130
Summer's Day.—Double	142
There's not a tint	132
There's nothing sweeter	141
The Widow's Son.—Double.	72
We lay thee in the silent	133

SHORT METRES.

Boylston.....	135
State Street.....	134

C. P. M.

Ariel.....	90
Praise to Jesus.....	92

H. M.

	PAGE.
Dear Father	32

7s.

Little Travellers.—Double ..	106
Martyn.—Double	110
Wake the song.....	103

7s & 6s.

Missionary Hymn.....	136
I want to be an angel	143
The rosy Light.....	114

7s & 6s. Peculiar.

Amsterdam	111
-----------------	-----

8s & 7s.

Death of a Scholar.....	98
Greenville	149
Welcome, welcome.....	116
Why should cold.....	105
Welcome to Spring	20

8s.

How sweet is the Sabbath... ..	104
--------------------------------	-----

6s & 4s.

America	69
---------------	----

11s.

Our Father in Heaven	99
Portuguese Hymn	112

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

WITHIN a few years, New-York has been overrun with wretched little girls, their weary young faces full of misery, real or pretended, have been seen everywhere—at the hotels, in the handsome avenues, in the business streets, and on every frequented corner—scores of begging, pilfering, rag-picking, cross-sweeping, match-peddling, candy-selling, bone-gathering, squalid things. Many of them lived without mother or friends, traversed low, vile streets alone, knew nothing of what we call *home*, and little of God or Christ, except by name. They were growing up passionate, ungoverned, deserted; with no love or kindness ever to soften the heart. Few men of common human feelings could look upon that saddest sight of our streets, the beggar-girl, the child of prostitution, its sunny face bleared with old miseries, and refuse to give. But giving seemed to do no good; it was only lifting them up to see them fall right back again. "Poor Societies" did not reach them. Churches had nothing to do with them. The Christian religion was in one stratum of society, and they in another—far below. It almost seemed, as it does to a stranger in the cities of the old world, that society had at length generated a kind of human vermin, which it could not be rid of.

Kind Christian men saw these poor girls running their short, wild life, and knew the sad end: and yet nothing was done, because no one knew where to go to work.

The first combined effort for them, except here and there a Mission Sunday School, was the experiment of the Girls' *Industrial School*. The experiment has now become a *fact*, and it may interest those who sympathize in the work, to know something of its general plan:—

A well ventilated room is secured in a poor quarter of the city. A suitable person is engaged as Matron—a woman with some idea of *teaching*, and not of merely grinding words from children; and one, too, who feels the deep religious object of the enterprise. Then the ladies of the association go about,

each in her own assigned district, to find the poorest and most neglected girls. Whenever they find a begging family, or a family so poor that they are ashamed, or really unable, to send their children to school, the visitors state their object, and leave printed cards containing directions to the Industrial School. The children thus gathered are closely examined by the ladies. None are to be admitted who are able to attend the public schools.

When a certain number have been selected, the first requisites are soap, towels, combs, and brushes.

Reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, open the exercises of the day. The morning is given to the usual common school branches. The Matron takes the general control, and the ladies divide the hours and classes so that each one has her own time and scholars on the day she selects, some visiting every day, some but once a week.

A plain dinner is given at noon. Mush and molasses, and beef soup, are the favorite dishes, varied by bean soup, rice, or boiled pudding.

Several of the girls assist in preparing and serving the dinner. This teaches them housework, and is held as a post of honor.

After an hour for dinner and play, the girls are put to sewing, and other industrial work. To make much progress in this, their classes must be small, in order that each child may be closely taught. Here the ladies again personally labor, each having her own class. Usually their first sewing is upon long check-stuff aprons, to cover their rags. Then each girl is set to work to make her own dress, so that the garment may be an earning, and not a charity; the material having been previously purchased from the teacher, by "merit marks," which the girl has received for good conduct and correct lessons. Besides needle-work, straw-braiding, basket-making, shoe-binding, &c., may be introduced. With it all, religious instruction is united, and the influence gained on the week-day is applied more exclusively on Sundays to the great object of the whole enterprise—a thorough religious elevation of the class.

The two distinguishing principles of the plan are first, the practical inducement offered to degraded people for educating their children, and second, such an industrial and moral education for the girls as shall help secure them against the dreadful temptations to which they are exposed. The Industrial School goes to a lower stratum than the public schools. The poor foreigners of the city do not care the least for education; their

children are only means of making a livelihood. To these people, wretchedly poor, the offer of a dinner, or a dress to be earned, or the hope that their girls will learn a practical means of living, is an inducement. And thousands may be gathered and given a taste for education who otherwise would have grown up totally neglected. In view of the results already secured in the oldest Industrial School, we hesitate not to say, the enterprise is full of hope.

The children are mostly of foreign parents, yet in all their peculiar traits distinctively *American*. There is a great deal of beauty among them, as in fact is usually true of the poor classes of the city. There are child faces in some of our schools, which, if their wonderfully quick chasing expression and sunny bloom could be caught by the artist, would live on the canvass forever.

As they were growing up, who could doubt of their fate and the sad, sad end, the more sudden and desperate, perhaps, as they are brighter or more passionate. Yet in this very thing lies the hope of the enterprise. We have not such a class of boys and girls as the lowest in London and Liverpool. Ours may be worse morally, and more dangerous, but they are not so stupid. You cannot find in New-York such an assembly of debased faces as may be seen in the Ragged Schools of London. The truth is, the American life penetrates down, even into the cellars. And besides, God has given every fresh human soul, of whatever nation, something which rises above its low surroundings, and which even beggary, vice, and filth do not at once degrade.

For the old poor, for the sensual steeped in crime, for the confirmed drunkard, the thief, the prostitute, let those heroical labor who will. Yet noble as is the effort, one's experience of human nature is obliged to confess the fruits will be very few, and that, in any comprehensive view, the only hopeful reform through society must begin with *childhood*—to prevent in the young which afterwards can only be punished. The mere association of the girls with women so much superior has a surprising effect—there is a higher stamp on them henceforth. The trade learned, poor as it is to live by, keeps many a one from crime, and, better still, teaches the begging girl *self-reliance*. With a humane person, and especially a woman, there is a tendency to give at once at the sight of poverty. But *mere giving* is to be distrusted. In England and Scotland it has been tried on a gigantic scale, and in the opinion of most has been a failure. It is not the worst thing to suffer. It is infinitely worse to grow up weak, dependent, unmanned, accustomed to live on

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

PUBLISHED BY

WILEY, PATERSON & BURNETT,

48 & 50 Walker Street, N. Y.

PRACTICAL AND PROGRESSIVE TEXT-BOOKS.

ROBINSON'S SYSTEM OF MATHEMATICS.

The only full course, except one, published in this country, and the most practical, scientific, and complete series of Mathematical Text-books for Common Schools, Academies, and Colleges ever published.

PROGRESSIVE PRIMARY ARITHMETIC: containing simple and easy lessons for beginners. Price, 15 cents.

PROGRESSIVE ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC: designed for advanced classes, with an Original and Comprehensive Analysis. Price, 25 cents.

PROGRESSIVE PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC: designed as a full and complete text-book on this Science. Price, 50 cents.

PROGRESSIVE HIGHER ARITHMETIC. In preparation.

ROBINSON'S ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA: a thorough and progressive work for Common Schools and Academies. (Revised.) Price, 75 cents.

ROBINSON'S UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA: a full and complete treatise for Academies and Colleges. (Revised edition.) Price, \$1.25.

ROBINSON'S GEOMETRY AND TRIGONOMETRY; with Applications to Examples. (Revised edition in press.) Price, \$1.50.

ROBINSON'S SURVEYING AND NAVIGATION: a work of great practical excellence. (Revised and enlarged.) Price, \$1.50.

ROBINSON'S ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY AND CALCULUS: a work of great merit. (Revised.) Price, \$1.50.

ROBINSON'S ELEMENTARY ASTRONOMY: for Common Schools and Academies. Price, 75 cents.

ROBINSON'S UNIVERSITY ASTRONOMY; for Academies and Colleges. Price, \$1.75.

ROBINSON'S CONCISE MATHEMATICAL OPERATIONS; designed as a book of reference for Teachers. Price, \$2.00.

ROBINSON'S KEY TO ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. Price, 50 cents.

ROBINSON'S KEY TO UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA. Price, \$1.00.

ROBINSON'S KEY TO ALGEBRA, GEOMETRY, CALCULUS, AND SURVEYING. Price, \$1.25.

SANDERS' PROGRESSIVE SERIES OF READERS.

This Series of Readers has been received with unprecedented favor by practical educators, who have tested their merits in the school-room, and have adopted them for use. They are the result of more than twenty-five years' careful study and practical experience in teaching.

WELLS' SCHOOL GRAMMAR.

100th edition. Revised and enlarged. By W. H. WELLS, A.M. Price, 68 cents.

COLTON & FITCH'S GEOGRAPHIES.

1. INTRODUCTORY. 22 maps. 50 cents; 2. MODERN SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. 48 maps. 75 cents; 3. AMERICAN SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, with COLTON'S ATLAS. (In Press.) 4. PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. 6 maps. Price, \$1.00.

For the most liberal terms for first supplies, for introduction, and for examination. Descriptive Catalogues gratis.